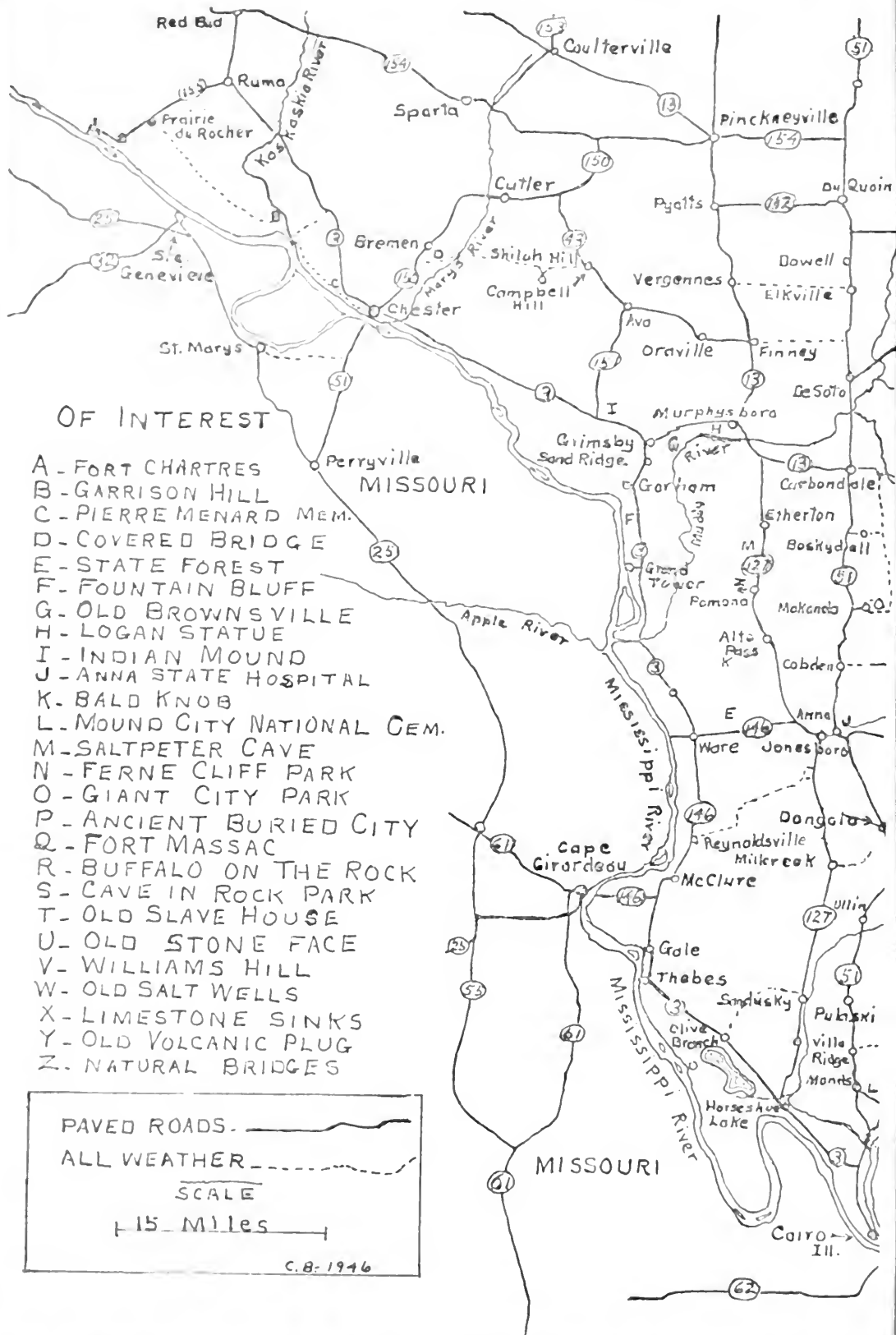
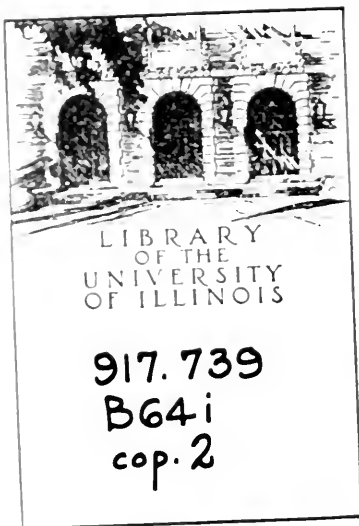


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ILL. HIST. SURVEY



THE OLD STONE FACE

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The
ILLINOIS OZARKS

by

CLARENCE BONNELL

INTRODUCTION

This small volume is the result of the delightful experiences of one who came to the Southern Illinois Ozark country forty-six years ago from the prairie lands of Central Illinois. He had never seen anything that had been called a mountain. He found himself at daylight one June morning in the year 1899 on a train right on top of the Ozarks at Ozark, Illinois. A few minutes later, he was crossing a swamp and saw cypress trees for the first time. In less than an hour he first saw the beautiful Ohio River from the broad streets of Metropolis. He secured the job he sought, that being the Principalship of the Metropolis High School which position he held for three years.

Exploration began at once; first Fort Massac (then an overgrown wilderness), boat trips to Paducah, others on the steamer Dick Fowler to Cairo, an overland ride to Golconda, stopovers from the trains at Ozark and Karnak, botanizing trips across into Kentucky and in Illinois up the bed of Massac Creek. Then followed a two year absence and return to the Ozark region at Harrisburg, in 1904, as Assistant Principal of the Township High School, and continuing in this capacity to the present time.

The first trips were on foot, then hundreds of miles by bicycle, on skiffs and steamboats and trains, then from Harrisburg in a one horse carriage, and finally in the faithful Ford car to places where some would fear to tread, all the way from the Mississippi to the Wabash.

For the fifty-two weeks of 1932, descriptions of a place to go and the way to go and return in one day to and from a place of natural and historic interest, was given space each Saturday in the Harrisburg Daily Register. At the end of the series the Register bound up in paper covers 250 copies of reprints of these directions for one day journeys. This edition was soon sold out. Inquiries for more copies have come regularly since then to now.

This book is a regrouping and revision of the original articles with fifty per cent more text and titles, also pictures, a map, and index, intended to meet the growing demand for information from those who are so unfortunate as to live without the bounds of this favored region, and for those who are here and wish to know it better.

The area so described in Illinois lies approximately south of a line drawn from New Harmony, Indiana, to Ste. Genevieve, Missouri.

The Ozark Mountains of Missouri extend across ten counties of Illinois and into Kentucky. It is an upended ridge older than the Rocky Mountains and now eroded to a half mile less than its former height. Areas both north and south of the hills are undulating or flat even to the extent of being originally swampy; thus the widely differing notions of what is really here.

The invitation is to come and see. Spring comes weeks earlier and autumn lasts weeks longer down on the Ohio than at Chicago. Summer days are not warmer than at Rockford but there are more of them. No days are so cold. The cypress, mistletoe, magnolia, and cane brakes of the south live alongside the hard woods of the north. There is also southern hospitality. Come and see us. The spring blossoms are delightful, the summer fruits delicious, the autumn leaves are gorgeous, the winters are mild, and the scenery is always unsurpassed at any season.

Clarence Bonnell,

May, 1946.



Dedicated to Docia May, who, for forty-three years, went with me
over the hills and into the valleys, ever searching
for the beauties that lay beyond.

HISTORIC SHAWNEETOWN

Historic Old Shawneetown!

"That's where we buy the popcorn," said the little girl, "and where Papa bought the fish he couldn't catch."

Shawneetown is known to tens of thousands who have visited here on holidays and week-ends. Why is it that Route 13 has on such occasions an almost continuous procession of vehicles going to and from this oldest of Illinois cities? Certainly not the popcorn or the fish that Papa can buy!

One attraction is the lakes, where Papa may sometimes really catch a fish. These nearby lakes are described separately. It may be the Ohio river or the convenient ferry. But, the river has more water in it at Elizabethtown or Golconda or Metropolis. It may be that the psychology of the situation is different. Not many cities are walled in by levees and high hills.

Doubtless many are drawn thither by this very fact that here is a city whose inhabitants have dared the mighty river to do its worst for a century and a quarter. Many, no doubt, can assign only trivial reasons for their visits. To many more, the historical background gives a mental atmosphere that adds zest to the seeing and is worth our thought.

The Shawnee Indians were the first known inhabitants. They were only occasional visitors and campers when the first white men came but the remains that they or their predecessors left give abundant evidence that this was for a long time an Indian village. Some residences near the levee in the east part of town were built on Indian mounds which yielded skeletons, pottery, and trinkets when excavations were made. Some were found when the Catholic church was built. The situation, being most accessible from the river to the salt wells near Equality, accounts for occupancy by both the red men and their white successors. A wonderful collection of Indian relics was kept in Robinson's drug store for a long time. They were gathered mostly by Mike Robinson who died a number of years ago. With them were newspapers of Revolutionary times and a Revolutionary flag together with other documents and museum specimens of much interest. Some of the finest pottery was sold to the Museum of the American Indian in New York City. Frank E. Robinson had these relics in charge when he died. They should have been kept together and permanently cared for in a safe place where the public might see them even though a small fee for admission might have had to be charged for their maintenance.

Mike Sprinkle, a gunsmith, is said to have been the first white settler, coming about 1797. The town was surveyed in 1810 by special act of Congress. A government land office was established in 1812 but the first record of land sales was in 1814. There were squatters' cabins before the survey. General Thomas Posey of Revolutionary fame lived there in very early times. He is buried in Westwood Cemetery northwest of town. He was once governor of Indiana Territory and lived in Vincennes then.

Lafayette visited here in 1825. This event was celebrated in 1925. James McLean from Shawneetown was an early United States senator. Logan, Lincoln, and Ingersoll all practiced law at Shawneetown in the times when lawyers went from court to court in the circuit.

Specifications for the first jail are as follows: "To consist of two stories, the first to be eight feet and the second to be seven feet high in the clear, to be built of good, sound white oak logs hewed to ten inches square, and put up with a dove tail at the corners. The first story to be ten feet square in the clear, surrounded by another wall of the same description as the first, leaving a space of ten inches between the two walls, into which timbers of ten inches in thickness are to be dropped endwise and as close side by side as they can be placed . . . The floor of the first story, the floor of the second story, and the ceiling of the second story to be laid with good oak timbers ten inches in thickness let in with a shouder upon the logs of the house."

Peggy Logsdon, an early settler, was known far and wide as a physician and nurse equal in ability to the early men physicians. She went in all kinds of weather, day or night, on horseback or on foot. One night a call came from across the river. She called back that she would come. Her skiff was gone so she tied her clothing to a limb on a log and swam across, pushing the log with the dry clothing ahead of her.

The concrete road ends at Old Shawneetown right on historic ground. On the corner to the right stands the Posey building, the old home of General Posey and his family, once the center of the social life of the town.

Across the pavement to the left stands the tall bank building with the huge Doric columns. Many think this is the oldest bank building in the state. It is not. Neither is it the oldest one in Shawneetown. Let us see the older one first and then return to the one with the five Doric columns. Drive straight ahead to the levee. Climb to the levee and turn right. Continue several hundred feet along the levee passing some large residences, on to a small two-story brick whose upper story opens out upon the levee. That is, it did open onto a small porch whose floor was about on a level with the older levee. The recently rebuilt levee is higher so that you look down upon the entrance. Care has been taken to preserve this old landmark.

It is the first bank building to be built in Illinois and housed the first bank, established in 1812. It has for a long time been used as a residence. There was no levee when it was built. There is a tradition apparently based on fact, that Chicago was at one time refused a loan from this bank on the grounds that the city on the lake could never grow to be able to repay it.

The second bank building, the one we left near the end of the pavement, was completed in 1840 at a cost of \$80,000. It was established as one of the branches of the State Bank of Illinois. It loaned at one time, soon after its organization, the sum of \$80,000 to the State of Illinois to be

used in erecting the state house at Springfield. It also loaned to the state Commissioners of Public Works \$200,000 more. In 1853, the State Bank failed, and this bank building sold for \$15,000. A new bank was established with \$500,000 capital stock. It was closed during the Civil War on account of fear of raids from the South. This fear was not without reason. Dr. W. S. Swan of Harrisburg related how, when a boy living at Shawneetown, a horseman supposed to be a Confederate officer rode to the water's edge on the Kentucky shore and viewed the town with his glasses. A cannon mounted on the Illinois shore was fired and the shot stirred up the sand but the horseman rode away unhurt. He also related that an alarm was spread that Morgan's men were coming, having crossed the river above. The old men and boys armed themselves with miscellaneous weapons for defense but no one came.

The old cannon was removed during the second World War for scrap as was the case with other historic pieces of metal in various parts of the country. Enough metal was left untouched to have made up for all that was gained by their destruction. If the energy which was put forth to that end had been used in the drive for less historic pieces of metal, the war effort would have been just as efficient.

The bank building was sold to Thomas S. Ridgway who with John M. Peeples established the First National Bank of Shawneetown. The purchase price of the building while the war scare was on was \$6,500. The new bank had a capital stock of \$200,000, which was later reduced to \$50,000 because the assessors taxed the bank stock at full value and other property at less than a third of its value.

The levee is the most outstanding landmark. Almost annual overflows beset the early settlement. There were serious floods in 1832, 1847, 1853, 1858, and 1859. The State Legislature, about 1860, granted the city power to borrow money to build a levee, to the extent of \$108,000. The State agreed to remit the state tax for a period of twenty years, the taxes to be paid on the levee bonds. The work started as money was raised but little was done until the flood of 1867 caused renewed activity when a debt of \$70,000 was incurred. Then the Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional and no more state taxes could be remitted.

Disastrous floods came in 1882, 1883, and 1884 when the gauge showed 66 feet above low water mark. The levee was then built higher. Up to 1890, the levee was four and a half miles long, contained 400,000 cubic yards of material, and had cost a total of about \$200,000. During the 1913 flood, water was let in to prevent a break in the levee. The Federal Government completed a rebuilt and higher levee in 1933 which, it was thought, would be ample protection for the future. The cost of the recent contracts is said to be \$112,000. Some anxiety was felt during the spring flood of 1933 due to the newness of part of the levee. Those who lived in the city were not so much disturbed as those outside.

The flood of 1937 came above the levee leaving only the tops of a few of the buildings above the water. The brick buildings stood, but all were badly damaged. A government project was intended to remove the

city to the present New Shawneetown. A good many homes were moved. Others were torn down or abandoned. The court house and jail were replaced. The government of the town was not changed. The new town site was annexed to the old with a narrow connecting link. New Shawneetown is a modern little city, a nice place to live. A good many of its citizens did not come from Old Shawneetown. Some businesses and some citizens did not move at all. The river and the lakes above town and the historic interests yet belong to Old Shawneetown, rather than to the new city, which is a thing apart from the old traditions and landmarks.

THE SHAWNEE LAKES

More people visit the lakes above Shawneetown in the summer season than any other similar resort in southern Illinois. Every weekend and holiday brings to these lakes car after car of pleasure seekers bent on fishing and swimming. Fishing poles and camp equipment are conspicuous, along with frying pans, lunch baskets, and sometimes the family cat or dog peering out from a crate. Cars of every description converge onto Route 13 at such times, beginning the afternoon before the holiday. Sitting on my porch as the caravan passes, I scan the faces. I live at Harrisburg, twenty-five miles from the lakes, on Route 13. Whole families from more than twice that far away hasten by for the holiday and night or two of camping. There are eager faces of children, the hopeful expressions of the women, and the determined countenances of men who hope to catch enough fish to supply the family and take some home to show the neighbors.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." This is especially true concerning fishing. The one exception was my wife. When I went fishing, she laid in the usual supply of meat for home consumption.

The picture of the return of the caravan of fishermen, fisherwomen, and fisherchildren is quite different. The children are sleepy, the younger ones are in their mothers' arms or sprawling over the extra bedding. The mothers are worn and wishing they were home. They have that "I-told-you-so" look. The men are silently recounting that little success they may have had in preparation for the stories they will tell their friends tomorrow.

After all, the family has had a good time. They are tired out. After a rest they will be eager to go again and will do so. It was not the fault of the fish that the holiday came the day after the fish had been "biting." Fish cannot be expected to regulate their habits of observing east winds and the almanac just to coincide with man-made holidays. There were plenty of fish in the lakes. The fault was in the fishermen. The itinerant fisherman should not expect to keep his family in meat by working at the job on holidays. Fishing is a diversion, not a business.

The beautiful Shawnee lakes are in the flood plain of the lower Wabash River. It is twelve miles directly north from the mouth of the Wabash to the Dogtown Hills. By river, it is more than twenty-five. In glacial times, great floods of water and sediment came from the ice sheet

farther up the Wabash Valley. This was spread out on a level plain through which the river has plowed its way, always cutting on the outer bends and changing its course. At a point about a mile from its mouth, it is less than a mile across the fields to another point on the river eight miles farther up stream. A map of the Wabash made fifty years ago shows the channel to have been in what is now known as "Old Channel" ending at Mackey's Ferry east of New Haven. The old channel was five times longer than the direct one now followed by the river. Thus, a portion of Indiana is west of the Wabash River. A similar condition exists near New Harmony.

The numerous lakes northeast of Shawneetown are the remnants of such river cut-offs. The valley flood plain occupied by the Wabash and Little Wabash extending north from the Ohio to near New Harmony is from five to ten miles wide. There is nowhere in that part of it between the Shawneetown Hills and the Dogtown Hills a difference of thirty feet in elevation. It is a river ten miles wide in flood times.

There is Long Lake, right up against the Shawneetown Hills, which affords good fishing. Round Pond with its bathing beach is one of the largest. It is frequented by campers who fish from boats or offshore and bathe at the beach. Big Lake is longer than Round Pond but not so wide. There are hotel and cabin accommodations. It is very beautiful with cypress trees all knee deep at the water's edge standing in solemn grandeur. Much fishing is done there. Its waters are deep and abound in fish. Some prefer the less frequented, smaller lakes more remote from the main road, such as Black Lake, Fehrer's Lake, or Fish Lake which is very long and very narrow.

The fishing is overdone at all these lakes on account of the great numbers who come. The sport is best early in the season after the flood water is gone. Large catches may be made on one day and only small ones the next day. There are occasionally days in August and in the cool of autumn when the fish are in the mood to bite. Bass, crappie and perch are the most sought after. Notwithstanding the ill success of many who catch but a few, there are those who almost always come away with a fair string of fish. The great majority of those who come to fish are amateurs who have not learned the ways of fish.

The woods between the lakes are visited by more than the usual number of birds in summer. Water fowl come in the migrating season to the sloughs and lakes but not in such numbers as formerly. Hickory nuts and pecans are abundant in the bottom land woods. Some of the pecan orchards are carefully tended and profitable.

Boats may be rented at reasonable rates. Other fees are not excessive. Many of the privileges are free. No charge is made the visitor who does not wish to rent a boat, cottage, or camping site, buy food, or go bathing. The regulations are different at each place due to different conditions and attractions. Boat fees are the common expense. Picnickers prepare and eat their lunches without charge. The most serious fault is to be found with the condition of the roads out from Shawneetown in wet weather.



Round Pond—Shawnee Lakes

CAVE HILL

What boy's mind has not thrilled at the thought of exploring a cave and finding buried treasure? The famous Mark Twain Cave at Hannibal, Missouri, swarms with boys who creep in at entrances unknown to other visitors. They search all about the cross on the roof under which Indian Joe buried the treasure.

The urge for boys to explore dark places and for girls to hesitate and then follow seems to hark back to the times when men lived in caves and had reason to fear and dare savage beasts.

Every mature native son of Harrisburg recalls the wonderful thrill of exploring the cave at Cave Hill near Sulphur Springs. Some stately dames of the same generation remember many enjoyable outings taken here in spite of long skirts and unbobbed hair.

"The Cave" was the one place to go on picnics and outings a generation ago when it was the easiest place to reach. It is yet one of the finest places for an outing, though not so much visited.

The best approach is over Route 13 east from Harrisburg seven miles, then south over a gravel road past the Rocky Branch Church and School to the Sulphur Spring which is by a small stream at the foot of the hills. Some like this spring water; others do not. A better clear water spring is near a big tree in a field a few hundred feet south.

Cars are parked and picnics are held on a level area beyond the old church where usually enough dead wood may be gathered for cooking and sometimes clear water from a spring. It should be remembered that this is private property. Property rights and public convenience should be respected by seeing that all rubbish is burned and that the spring be kept clean.

Many people go to "The Cave" and never see the cave itself. One reason is the long climb on foot up the hill. The top of the hill is about 500 feet higher than the Saline River which comes near the base of Cave Hill in which the cave is located. The cave is below the ridge top, which is to the advantage of the climber who is glad to rest in the cool air coming from the entrance. The cliffs and ridge above should be visited after the cave is explored on account of the wonderful view which one distinguished visitor called, "the finest in Illinois."

Two ridges meet at almost a right angle above the cave. One extends south of east to Shawneetown and the other west of south to Herod. Eagle Creek Valley lies on the other side of the ridge. It is worth climbing over the ridge to see. The rocks forming these ridges were once horizontal and about 1200 feet lower. Breaks in the earth's crust occurred and rocks on the south and east sides of these breaks were thrust up, leaving the layers tilted up and sloping back toward the south and east into Eagle Creek Valley where they are buried hundreds of feet deep. The cave is in a limestone stratum of this uplifted cliff from which much of the top eroded ages ago.

The cave opening is in a funnel-shaped pit in the hillside. Cool air comes out continually, contrary to the action of most caves where the current alternates as the air outside is warmer or cooler than that inside. Other openings, possibly only small ones, may let in air. There was once an opening northeast of the present one not far away. Stories of passages leading great distances are contrary to theory and the evidence. No one can go a quarter of a mile from the entrance. Distances in caves are deceptive. I was once told that I was a half mile from the mouth. Upon measuring the distance it was found to be but a few hundred feet. The cave has been mapped by two parties, independently, and the maps agree in all essentials. The writer has been as far in every passage as a man can go, in most of them many times.

The worst going is the beginning because the opening is small and is often wet from water entering there. The right-hand passage extends south and slightly west, gradually rising. Two or three places are wet in rainy seasons. There are some tight places which mostly may be avoided by taking another passage around. Some of the rooms are as big as average rooms in houses. The left-hand passage is found by making all left turns from the entrance, climbing first down and then up. After that the passages are dry and easily followed but ascend and descend often, gradually getting lower toward the eastern end. A stream bed, mostly dry, descends from the south end of the south passage to near the mouth, then over into the east passage, gradually getting lower until

it disappears in a horizontal fissure out of which a current of air arises. This indicates an opening at some lower level.

The rooms and passages are the result of a very slow dissolving away of the limestone due to weak acid in the ground water. Some lime in the form of calcite is re-deposited as stalactites hanging from the roof or as stalagmites built up from the floor. All the larger of these were carried away more than a generation ago. A few specimens are in collections in Harrisburg.

No one can be permanently lost in this cave. Anyone familiar with it should locate a lost person within a few minutes. The direction and the way out can be kept in mind if it is remembered that the rock layers always dip to the southeast. By keeping this in mind, it should be possible for a person familiar with the passages to slowly feel his way out without the aid of a light. No strings or other guide are necessary to find one's way out easily if good carbide lights are used and the simple rule about the dipping rock layers is remembered.

It is hoped that some day there may be a skyline drive from Herod to Horseshoe or beyond which will make this cave and the Old Stone Face more accessible.

STILLHOUSE HOLLOW AND THE OLD STONE FACE

Moonshiners existed long before the Eighteenth Amendment was conceived. Younger readers may not know that illicit distilling of liquor was called "moonshining" because it was mostly carried on at night, more conveniently by moonlight.

Stillhouse Hollow gets its name from the tradition that a still was located there in the time of the early settlements. I have talked with those who say that they saw part of the apparatus that remained long after it was abandoned.

The Hollow is a precipitous v-shaped gash cut in the west side of the cliff-faced narrow ridge that stands up several hundred feet high as seen eastward from Route 34 out of Harrisburg. This ridge or mountain is about eight miles long, extending from Cave Hill on the north to Herod nearly eight miles to the south and west. Stillhouse Hollow is about half way as far south of Cave Hill as is Rudement. Rudement is west of the ridge on Route 34.

A gravel road starts from Route 34 just east of Rudement and continues east and north through Somerset to the Big Saline Church. This road is graveled all the way and the view of the mountain from the top of DeNeal Hill is worth making one part of the trip that way. The usual and better way to the Big Saline Church is out of Harrisburg by way of Ingram Hill and the Whitesville Bridge continuing south and east on

the gravel road all the way. A dirt road, which is usually good, leads directly east from the church right up to the foot of the ridge. The mouth of the Hollow is about a quarter of a mile south across a pasture and is fenced across by a floodgate built in and upon the rocks and made to float up to let the water through. A torrent of water comes down when it rains.

The path up the Hollow is a succession of rocks around pools of clear water and little ledges over which the water drips or rushes in torrents depending on whether it is raining or not. If the gorge is traced to its source, the top of the ridge is found to be fairly level. Fields and orchards have been cultivated there. A ridge road leads to houses farther north. The Eagle Creek Valley lies to the east and is seen from the cleared spaces.

Picnic parties have the most fun near the lower part of the canyon. The less vigorous stay here while the others explore. The cliff on the north affords a beautiful view. The rock strata lie tilted down to the southeast which helps explain why the ridge is there. There are small cave-like holes in the rocks on this north side high up, which the children enjoy.

The south side of the hollow is not so steep as the north. It is steep enough though and rocky and overgrown with trees. The footing is mostly on rock but there is some soil. There is no definite path. Near the top, the giant's club or stick blanket makes its presence literally felt if the unwary climber grasps its thorny stem as a support.

It is best to go east or south as one goes up so as to come to the cliff where it is low or where it finally tapers out at its eastern end. There is a sandstone cave, cool and dry and capable of sheltering half a hundred people. It is in the low eastward part of the cliff near where there is a good place to climb to the top. This is a good place to rest before going above to find the Old Stone Face.

Many years ago a man spent what was then, and might be now, a small fortune in attempting to develop what was thought to be a silver mine at a point below the cliffs some distance southwest of Stillhouse Hollow. What made him think there might be silver there is unknown. There are many places in these Ozark Hills where men have searched for and sometimes made themselves think that they have found precious metals. I have not heard of anyone who thought he had found anything but rocks in this immediate vicinity except the man mentioned above.

No natural feature of Southern Illinois has attracted more widespread attention than the Old Stone Face. It is universally true that anything in rock that resembles something alive is always of interest to the human mind.

This Stone Face has been seen by comparatively few of the many whose interest its picture has attracted. This is because it is out of the usual routes of travel and requires some climbing and effort to be seen.

I saw it first on an afternoon in October, 1915. My wife and I with the two children and Miss Dorothy Rinaker of Springfield, Illinois,

were about ready to start home after an afternoon of exploring along the ridge above and south of Stillhouse Hollow. It was about sunset and I was looking south along the cliff from the top of which we had been getting a magnificent view of the Saline River valley and the region beyond toward Harrisburg. Suddenly I realized that I was looking at a twelve-foot profile of an old woman's face not more than fifty feet in front of me. There was the nose, the wrinkled lips of a toothless mouth, the creases in the chin, the eye, the forehead—the whole right side of a face projecting out into space from the cliff.

It seemed too late for a snapshot; so I made a time exposure and got a remarkably good picture. The shadows were just right. I have seen several pictures of it but none were so good as this which luck aided me in making. Copies from this negative have been published in several newspapers and magazines, usually without giving credit to the maker of the original. I have seen but one other published picture of the Face that was not from this first negative. Since then someone has torn the vine away and nicked a little of the features by throwing rocks.

Strange to relate, there is no authentic record that anyone had noticed this Face before. I had been that way several times. This part of Saline County was settled first. Countless hunters, timber cutters, and farmers had followed the well-worn path at the top of the cliff. Picnic parties for generations had wandered back and forth as probably did the Indian who may have used this spot for a lookout. Yet, no one is reported as having seen the striking likeness to a face that now is so easily recognized.

The Face is almost directly east of Somerset, but there is no use to try to see it except from the top of the cliff of which it is a part. Stillhouse Hollow is the best place to make the immediate start. Directions, partially indicated before, are to go up the south slope through the woods from the Hollow to the place where the bluff is low. It is easy to get up at the low east end. Then, once on top, go west and follow the path near the cliff which gets higher and higher as you go farther west and south for a quarter of a mile. You find yourself looking out far above the tree tops below. The car which you left in the road will look like a child's Christmas toy if you can see it at all.

Continue slowly to the south. You should soon recognize the Stone Face. Deal gently with her. She is ages old and has seen much. Perhaps she saw the great ice sheet of the Early Glacial Period, for it came almost to her feet. She saw the Mound Builders and the Indians of later generations. She has watched the white man's struggles past and present, only for a minute out of all the time that she has watched. If she could speak, many a mystery could be explained and volumes of science and history could be written.

THE UPHEAVAL AT HORSESHOE

Horseshoe is the name of a neighborhood trading center which is at the northern outlet of the Eagle Creek Basin or Valley. This basin with its surrounding hills occupies nearly all of Eagle Township and is about fifteen miles southeast of Harrisburg as the crow flies.

The high hills bounding the Eagle Creek Basin on the south, west, and north have almost shut it out from its neighbors "across the mountains" except for the easy entrance at Horseshoe. On its eastward side, there are several easy entrances, and Route 1 is built along this less hilly boundary.

The best way to Horseshoe from Harrisburg is to go east on Route 13 over the Berry Hill to the gravel road which crosses the concrete directly north of the Rocky Branch Church and School, both of which are to be seen less than a half mile to the south. The gravel road leads south and then west a half mile, then south to Sulphur Springs at the foot of Cave Hill. Continuing on the gravel all the way one should make a sharp turn to the northeast at Sulphur Springs and continue in a general easterly direction for about two and a half miles to Horseshoe.

Another approach to Horseshoe is from Equality, south over the Saline River bridge and then generally southwest over gravel. The Wild Cat Hills are off to the south and the main branch of the Saline River is north. This road is mostly on level ground until it approaches the gap at Horseshoe.



Upheaval at Horseshoe

Just before reaching Horseshoe from the west, a rounded ridge appears to the north of the road and parallel with it. There are farm buildings on the west slope of this ridge. The east end is the interesting part and easily reached on foot through a short private roadway which goes around the east end and up the north edge. This is for hauling road material, much of which has been used in the vicinity. The removal of this road material has revealed the wonders of the hill, though it was well known to the geologists before it was used commercially.

It is a steep climb up the east slope. A good spring at the foot is a blessing to the climber on a hot day. At the top, one looks down into a man made basin from which the road material is being removed. The remarkable thing is that there are great layers of intervening hard rock standing nearly on edge. It is only the softer layers between that are being removed. It is thought that the same internal forces which heaved up some parts of the ridges bordering the Eagle Basin from depths of 1,000 feet or more have here raised and turned on edge these layers from a depth of more than 2,000 feet. This is said by geologists to be one of the most remarkable geological features of Illinois.

It is thought that a drill hole a half mile north of Horseshoe would come to these same upturned rocks, there horizontal, at a depth of 2,000 feet. Since the rocks in the bluff south of the uplift belong 1,200 feet below the topsoil in the valley to the north, the geologists say that the situation above described is due to an "overthrust."

THE UNITED STATES SALINES

Salt making near Equality was once the greatest industry in Illinois.

A large area about the salt springs was reserved when the Northwest Territory was taken over and was known as the "United States Salines." The springs were leased after 1804, the government retaining one-tenth of the product. One of the leases required that 120,000 bushels be produced annually. The rental to the government amounted to \$28.165 in 1818. To insure a supply of fuel, 180,766 acres of woodland were set aside and the Illinois legislature was forbidden to "ever sell" the salt wells. It is estimated that 300,000 bushels of salt were produced in one year at a later period. Salt leases in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Missouri yielded only \$240 from Ohio in 1818 and nothing from the other states. There were salt springs in Vermillion and Jackson counties and at Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, which were worked but their product was negligible as compared with that at Equality.

Readers are interested in knowing where to find what evidences remain of this ancient industry. This article is to give such information. Those who wish historical details should read the extended account of "The Gallatin County Salines," by Attorney Jacob W. Myers of Harrisburg in the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. 14, Nos. 3 and 4, Oct. 1920, Jan. 1921, page 337.

There were two main sources of salt. One was at "Nigger Hill," three miles below Equality south of the Saline river and north of the gravel road which somewhat parallels and lies between the river and the range of high hills to the south. This road extends from the old bridge across the Saline at Equality to the new bridge on Route 1. The spring is but a short distance west of the new bridge in a small stream bed in sight from the gravel road. The square walled hole about ten feet across is full of slimy, murky water which overflows constantly, and has a very brackish taste.

Broken pieces of pottery, abundant here and scattered all the way to Shawneetown, made of clay and crushed mussel shells plastered in forms of woven grasses and reeds and of large size, indicate that this was an ancient industry. Alternating layers of clay, ashes, bone fragments, and charcoal composing the slightly elevated flat east of the spring are evidence that successive generations of pre-historic salt makers used it. Small pieces of pottery are exposed in nearly every earth bank near the well. Rock-walled graves on the nearby hill-top and great quantities of broken fragments on another hill are further evidences of Indian occupancy over a long period.

The white men brought iron kettles. With the aid of Negro slaves, hundreds of acres of forest were used in evaporating the salt more than a hundred and twenty years ago.

Salt making was conducted on a much larger scale in the vicinity of the "Half Moon Lick" by the Saline River about three-fourths of a mile from the center of Equality. This salt lick several hundred feet long slightly curved and averaging fifty feet in width lies in a bare basin still too salty for much vegetation to grow. It and the remains of the great industry which once flourished there are hidden by trees, bushes, vines (including an abundance of poison ivy), and weeds so that they are difficult to find.

Springs were the first source of supply of brine. Wells of great depth were bored later. Leases were made in 1804. Wood was brought to the kettles at the wells. Kettles were in rows with a trench beneath for fuel and to create a draft. Later it was easier to pump the brine to the woods through log pipes made by boring two inch holes and driving the narrowed end of one log into the reamed out end of the next one. Brine was pumped into elevated tanks and flowed by gravity to the next pump.

In 1854, Castle and Temple took over the leases and operated on a large scale till 1873. They used great vats of heavy sheet iron riveted together, ten or twelve feet wide and much longer with sides two feet high. They were over stone-walled fire chambers. A thirty-foot length of one of these remained partly broken and supported by the stone walls. It was removed during World War II. Other parts of vats are near. The home site is a pit shaded by huge trees evidently left when others were cut. Near by are old cisterns of the laborers' cabins from which the brick walls are gone. One might easily stumble into one.

Castle and Temple opened a drift coal mine in the hill west of the Lick when wood became scarce. They built elevated cinder roads to the mine and to town. They are easily traced through the woods, which is now the best approach to the Lick.

The old "lower road" from Equality to Harrisburg crosses the railroad near the old coal mine shaft. The new shaft is farther west. Diligent search will bring the searcher to remnants of the reservoirs, vats, cisterns, etc., which are mentioned above.

The Castle and Temple home was moved about a half mile west and the location is seen on the south side of the road just after crossing the small creek on the road going west from the coal mine. Beyond this newer house, which is a story and a half frame structure, the road branches, one branch going south around the hills which are west. The old Castle and Temple mine was in the northeast end of this hill. The old cinder road toward the Lick intersects the south branch of the present highway. From the road going west toward Harrisburg, not far from where the two roads branch, the newer cinder road built to the railroad from the mine is very clearly seen in the cultivated fields to the south.

THE MELON COUNTRY

Melons grow best in sandy soil rich in decayed vegetable material. They can be grown on nearly every farm in the warmer sections of the United States but not so successfully as in more favored spots. Several limited areas near the rivers of Illinois are especially adapted to them. One such spot is at Beardstown on the Illinois River. Large quantities are grown near Carmi which is on Route 1. One successful grower advertised by having a yoked team of oxen standing near his melon booth by the roadside thus causing motorists to stop and become interested in melons as well as in cattle.

Beginning near Equality on Route 13 and extending on for twelve miles to Shawneetown, the soil on both sides of the road and extending back for a mile or two on both sides is in many places well adapted to growing watermelons and muskmelons, the latter being known on the market as cantaloupes but without any clear mark of separation. Some speak incorrectly of "mush" melons just as others say "mush" rat for muskrat.

Before the middle of August, melon stands spring up along the Equality-Shawneetown road at frequent intervals. Such a stand may be merely a pile of the luscious fruit in a shady spot or a wagon at the edge of the field. It may consist of four poles with a covering of leafy boughs for shade. Others are more permanent structures or spaces about filling stations. On the side roads the farmers pile melons in their yards or under trees in the field in sight of the road.

Truck drivers search out these places and buy for more distant markets. Others in pleasure cars buy from two to a dozen for home use in nearby cities. Those from a distance frequently buy extra lots to take home to share with neighbors or the families of relatives. Prices are reasonable and in times of financial depression, ridiculously low.

One season when sales were difficult, a grower offered all the water-melons that could be piled into a car for a dollar. A man filled his model T Ford almost to overflowing. As he approached the railroad west of Junction the melons became unruly and rolled down upon the foot controlled transmission levers so the car went wild and crashed into a freight train which at that time had the right of way.

The total area in Gallatin County which is suitable for melon growing is difficult to estimate. Only the sandy ridges and levels are used. But a fraction of these areas is used in any one year. The total production is large and amounts to many freight car loads in a season. Shipments by rail have been succeeded by truck sales in the field.

The so favored spots near Shawneetown owe their sandiness to the outwash from the glaciers of the glacial period in America many thousands of years ago. This ice sheet extended farther south in North America right here in southern Illinois than in any other place. It nosed down to the base of the Illinois Ozarks. It is thought that ice jams in the Ohio outlet near Shawneetown backed the glacial water into lakes into which icebergs floated to melt and leave their loads of gravel and sand. The lower Wabash Valley discharged enormous quantities of water and the torrents of water from the melting ice sheet dropped the sand in quieter waters. This is the main theory concerning the presence of the sandy accumulations in and near the Wabash valley plain.

Formerly, the melon grower used the same field frequently, when his main task was to cultivate the soil and market the product. Now, insects, fungus diseases, and sand burrs must be fought incessantly. After growing one crop of melons, he must use that field for legumes or in other ways restore humus to the sandy soil. He must plant other crops until the soil is rid of the fungi which produce wilt and other diseases. It is better to wait for as much as eight years before again returning to melons. Many do not do this though experience and study have taught that such is necessary for the greatest success.

In consequence of poorer soil, more insects, and the soil diseases, all combined with a smaller demand in the market, the lot of the melon farmer has been bad in recent times. There are some who follow methods of insect and fungus control along scientific lines who yet succeed and produce a high grade of fruit at a profit, but at a sacrifice of unceasing care and toil.

By growing uniform types of melons, proper grading, co-operative marketing in distant cities, and scientific management of the soil, a profitable market might be obtained for a far greater volume of the very superior fruit which this naturally favored section is capable of producing.

NEW HARMONY

New Harmony, Indiana, on the east bank of the Wabash river, is ten miles from Crossville, Illinois, which is on Route 1.

Of the thousands who pass through by way of the bridge and newer roads, very few realize that this is the site of one of the most famous and interesting communistic colonies that ever existed in America.

In 1814, David Rapp, leader of a successful company from Wuertemberg, which sought a better place for a colony than the one they had started at Harmony, Pennsylvania, bought 24,734 acres of land at New Harmony for \$61,050, to which they added about 5,000 acres later. Here they established a mutual profit-sharing agricultural and manufacturing colony. In 1820, they manufactured goods to the value of \$50,000. The surplus of wheat, corn, oats, hides, fur, butter, wax, cheese, flax seed, hops, and hemp sold in 1819 for \$12,441.83. In addition they sold another surplus of rye, barley, 645 deer skins, hog skins, wolf skins, tallow, quills, feathers, horse hides, raccoons, otters, muskrat, beaver, mink, rabbits, pork, venison, hog fat, eggs, bristles, grass seed, wool, sheep, flax, geese, cider, apples, chairs, and grain.

In 1825, due to their distance from market, they sold their holdings at New Harmony to Robert Owen, an English philanthropist, for \$150,000. This was for lands, factories, saw mills, warehouses, granaries, store, tavern, machine shop, tan yard, barns, distillery, brewery, and 152 dwellings. He also paid \$40,000 more for stocks of goods, livestock, etc. The Rappites moved to Economy, Ohio, where they established a similar colony and prospered. The society continued 'till 1906.

The Owenites, in turn, succeeded at New Harmony, but the community plan was given up in 1827. The individuals continued to prosper. From 1837 to 1860, New Harmony was the scientific center of the west. Some of the greatest zoologists, botanists, geologists, and artists such as McClure, Say, Raffinesque, Engleman, and Worthen worked and lived there. A rain gauge used in 1826 is still in use and may be seen on the library lawn. The tomb of Thomas Say (on the lot with the George Rapp mansion) and the David Dale laboratory are reminders of this period. Owen and his associates and their descendants have held prominent positions and exerted great influence in the state of Indiana.

The best way to see New Harmony is to go first to the library. It contains more than 25,000 volumes. The art gallery and museum are on the second floor. Hours can be spent there with profit. The librarian is very accommodating and will give you a leaflet to guide you to more than forty places of interest in the town, all of which are numbered. It is best to go to No. 1 and then follow the marked trail which leads from Murphy Park, the site of the old labyrinth, and past two dozen or more hundred-year-old Rappite dwellings, the Community House, Mchure Park, Say's

tomb, the Maclure dwelling, Owen's laboratory, the Fort with walls of stone and narrow port holes, and the brick walled Rappite cemetery with its purposely unmarked graves and similarly unmarked Indian mounds. Among other things of special interest are Community House No. 2 with the old sun dial on the south end still telling the time of day, and Community House No. 4 which is now a garage though a part of the old theatre balcony is still in place and may be seen from the rear. The "Minerva House" is the home of the first Woman's Club in the United States. Other places of equal interest are on the marked route. Much of historical interest can be found at the library. Some books about the Rappites and the Owenites and the colony are on sale at the library which is open every day in the week.

A privately owned park is located two miles down the river at the site of the Old Mill and Dam. There is good fishing below the dam. There is some outcropping of petrified wood on the Indiana bank below the dam and above the camp site. A petrified log is alongside the walk leading to the front door of the library at New Harmony.

The Wabash river was navigable until after the Rappites came but the channel meandered far to the west just below New Harmony. It curved back to the present site of the Old Mill and Dam mentioned above. A canal was cut south from New Harmony to this place. The river proceeded to cut a channel where man made a canal with the result that a part of Indiana is west of the Wabash river just as part of Illinois is west of the Mississippi at Old Kaskaskia. The road maps show these and, also, a similar situation near New Haven.

NEW HAVEN

Geographical location made Chicago a great city and disappointed those who thought that Cairo would be the greater. Unforeseen factors change the paths of commerce. Stock in gas lighting systems and electric railroads, profitable a generation ago, have become worthless on account of electric light and the gasoline engine.

Just so, New Haven, in the southeast corner of White County on the Little Wabash River, thirty-one miles northeast of Harrisburg by the nearest route, has had its periods of prosperity and depression as the routes of travel have changed in its favor or otherwise. Just now, the town is suffering from a period of isolation which her citizens think is about at an end. Not many years ago, Harrisburg people went that way to go to Evansville by the way of the Mackey Ferry. The hard roads came and New Haven, without a railroad or river transportation, lay stranded. The population has dwindled some in recent years. Church organizations have dwindled as leaders died and the young people went elsewhere. Churches declined so that a Methodist minister preached occasionally in the Presbyterian church. The two denominations held Sunday school in the same building jointly.

New hopes have risen. Route 141, off route 1 a short distance north of Omaha, has been completed right down through the main street. The hope is for an extension of this road across the Wabash to the good roads of Indiana which would draw the traffic from Evansville west. Route 141 from Route 1 to New Haven, was built with Federal aid through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The hope of its extension eastward may also be founded on probability, if the reasons for such hopes are as good as stated. This would put the town on a through route as it was over a hundred years ago.

Data about the first boom is difficult to find because the town is so old. Some of her citizens say that it is the oldest town in Illinois. Others say the second, and a few are willing to admit that it is the third oldest.

Joseph Boone, brother of Daniel Boone, is credited with being the first white settler, having established Boone's Fort on the site of an Indian fortification by the river bank. His sister, Eliza Boone, is said to have planted a catalpa tree at the fort. It was destroyed by lightning and wind several years ago. Citizens carved canes and other mementos from its wood. When the old fort site was sold to be used for a steam mill site, this catalpa tree was preserved, to stand till removed by natural means as all good old trees should be. Incidentally it may be mentioned that *Catalpa speciosa* grew right here in the Wabash bottoms more luxuriantly than anywhere else in the world. Eliza married a man named Dagley. The Dagleys have been a prominent family in White and Gallatin counties.

The town was first platted into 261 lots, each 40x70 feet, with streets sixty feet wide, probably by a Mr. R. H. Grant from Connecticut who gave it the name. The old Shawneetown-Vincennes trail came this way. New Haven was where the stage changed horses. The Wabash and the Little Wabash Rivers were then navigable streams. All was bustle and stir in the little western town so favorably situated for commerce. The depression of 1837 fell heavily. Many fond hopes were blasted. Samuel H. Martin, writing "Reminiscences" for the Carmi Times in 1879, said as follows:

"The year 1842 will long be remembered as a period of great suffering by the people of the whole country; and none were more pressed than the people on the Wabash. Three-fourths of the business men had failed and gone into bankruptcy. * * * Good farms would be sold and bid in at the face of the judgment without regard to value. Good working horses have been taken from the plow and sold at constables' sales for eight and ten dollars."

None of the buildings of that day are standing. The town was replatted twice afterward and had successive boom periods. Lots once sold for \$500 each. Two dams for mills were made in the Little Wabash. One was sixteen feet high with a lock to pass boats up to Carmi. A four-and-a-half-story mill was built in 1869. Foundations of the dam by the town remain. There is an old cooper shop near. Mrs. Mary L. Graddy, whose great grandfather married Eliza Boone, when eighty-one years old but very active and alert, ran the hotel on the main street in a building

fifty years old. Her father ran a hotel in a building nearer the river. Part of it stands yet. The old Sheridan Tavern stood near it and almost in ruins. Andrew Boraw, who lived near the tavern, had an account book rescued from the old tavern. It is large, and dated from 1816 to 1820. The prices are interesting. Whiskey at 18 cents a pint occurs about as often as tobacco would at a general country store in these present times. Here are other items: 2 side combs, 75 cents; 1 doz buttons, 50 cents; 4 yds. calico, \$2.50; 2 twists tobacco, 25 cents; 4 lbs sugar \$1.50; 2 oz indigo, 50 cents; 1 bu salt, \$2.00; 2 yds flannel, \$1.25; 4 fiddle strings \$1.00; 4 3-4 lbs. coffee, \$2.38; 1 paper pins, 25 cents.

New Haven is in the best fishing country of southern Illinois. The best pecan orchards are two miles away. The upland farm land is good. The natural resources and the good road should again bring back prosperity if the good people there will take advantage of their opportunity.

Route 141 off Route 1 is reached by way of either Junction or Norris City.

THE SHAWNEE NATIONAL FOREST

The following is the official statement from the Headquarters office in Harrisburg:

The Shawnee National Forest is in Southern Illinois and consists of two units, one bounded by the Mississippi River on the west side, the other by the Ohio River on the east side.

The Shawnee National Forest Purchase Units were established on August 30, 1933.



Shawnee National Forestry Unit

The Forest Supervisor, with an office at Harrisburg, is in charge of the Forest. District Rangers, with headquarters at Elizabethtown, Vienna, and Jonesboro, with an assistant ranger at Murphysboro, actively administer and protect the forest.

The general over-all objective is to manage all of the forest resources so as to provide the maximum sustained benefits to the greatest possible number of people.

During 1943, there were 283 permits in effect, each giving some person or group the privilege of using government land for a special purpose. These range from a permit to the University of Illinois for an Agricultural Experiment Station covering 5300 acres of land down to a permit to John Smith to keep a boat at Lake Glendale, and cover such a variety of things as operating a fluorspar mine, an oil well, an exclusive trapping right, a cemetery, a water reservoir, and many others.

The gross receipts for F. Y. 1944 from the forest was \$16,255, of which 25%, or \$4,050, have been returned to the counties in lieu of taxes. The receipts from the forest and hence the receipts to the counties have gone up steadily each year for the past five years. In order to properly administer and protect the National Forest, 240 miles of all weather roads have been constructed and are maintained by the Forest Service. In many sections of the forest, these are the only means of access in wet weather and everywhere on the forest they facilitate use of the area by the public as well as by the Forest Service.

Practically all of the 196,300 acres of land in government ownership was at one time in farms, mostly abandoned by owners who could no



Eroded Ozark Area a Generation Ago

longer make a living. There are thousands of additional acres economically unsuitable for farming which should be covered by forest growth. This is the land the Forest Service hopes eventually to purchase. Then, through protection, erosion control, tree planting, and other forest management practices, gradually restore the productivity of this land.

Fire protection of government land was begun in the fall of 1933. The beneficial effect of such protection on stream flow, forest reproduction, and wild life is already very noticeable. A system of towers connected by telephone or radio and a well organized group of forest guards maintain a constant watch over the forest during the dry fall, winter, and spring months. Local citizens and community groups form the backbone of this integrated protection system.

In a section where year long streams are rare and natural lakes even rarer, the cool forest streams and the facilities offered by the two artificial lakes controlled by the Forest Service are important recreational areas.

These two lakes have ample picnicking and camping facilities, bath houses and beaches, and other needs for public enjoyment. Pounds Hollow Lake and recreational area has been used by as many as 2,000 people in a single day. An estimated 80,000 visitors used the forest last year in spite of gasoline rationing and other wartime difficulties of travel. With the protection from fire, increased cover, and some minor pond construction, wild life has greatly increased since the forest was established. Beaver have been planted and have rapidly increased in numbers. Deer also have been planted and though not on the increase are probably holding their own. Quail, rabbits, squirrels, and other small game are also more numerous throughout the forest area.

Up until a few years ago, very little timber was being sold from any of the lands now included in the national forest area. In recent years, the Forest Service started a campaign to interest owners of private timberlands to place the latter on a common sense practical management basis and market their ripe timber crops. As a result of this activity markets have been established for ten million board feet of private and government owned timber annually. This brings a return to the farmer owners of \$100,000 for their stumpage and provides 50,000 man days of work in the harvesting and processing of the timber.

Research is finding new uses for low quality materials and wastes which should open up large areas to further development of markets for forest products. This should contribute materially to the prosperity of southern Illinois. Since the forests have passed the bottom in timber exploitation, the productivity of the land can be expected to increase steadily and result in a strong economic contribution to the community and state.

MOUTH OF THE SALINE RIVER

We start going south from the junction of Routes 13 and 1 following the latter. We cross the railroad west of Lawler. The so called "slave house" stands high on the hill. It is an old, historic structure going back to the days when the salt well location on the Saline River to the south was a thriving place. The house has three stories. It is the third story that is interesting. This upper story has ventilators near the top of the roof like the traditional ventilators in street cars and railway cars. Certainly no one could have escaped from it except by the stairway. It is a large hallway with built-in berths on each side like those on steamboats. The tradition which was current forty years ago was that free Negroes in Illinois were sometimes overpowered and brought here until an opportune time to take them down the nearby Saline River to the Ohio and over to Kentucky where they had no civil rights and could be sold. The other theory then was that the bunks were used by workmen at the salt well, possibly Negroes, for some of them did work there as slaves in the early 1800's. There were some large pieces of lumber on the floor but there are no evidences of means of torture or restraint. Other theories of the use of the house have been current since then and even gotten into joint.

A tablet just beyond the bridge on the Saline River indicates the location of the salt well a short distance to the west. It still flows.

A gap through the hills pours out into the east side of the Eagle Creek Valley which is spoon shaped with strata uptipped at the edges. Excellent coal underlies the valley but outcrops at the upturned edges. The coal is said to have as high a B.T.U. as any in Illinois. Much of the farm land is fertile in this valley. Eagle Creek drains it. The creek is crossed on Route 1 at Gibsonia. The first good gravel road to the left after leaving Gibsonia, indicated by a recently built residence and barn on the left and right sides of the gravel road respectively as we turn, is the one where we leave the concrete to go to the mouth of the Saline. Take the left fork again where this gravel road divides. You will go up over a high hill to a ridge from which the Ohio is seen at a distance, a beautiful view. There is a steep descent to the mouth of the Saline. The ferry landing from DeKoven, Kentucky, formerly was here but has been moved down stream to where another road over the hills comes to the river. If the right hand branch of the gravel road had been followed at the first left hand turn which was taken, it would have led over the hill to the new ferry landing. Continuing on the right turn, both turns would have led us on past Lambtown, no longer supporting much business as a town. Continuing on this road one finally comes to the shelter house above the cave at Cave in Rock.

Some limestone caverns, which I have never had time to explore, are in the vicinity of the road to the present ferry landing.



Mouth of Saline River



Lambtown

THE POUNDS, HIGH KNOB, AND EAGLE CREEK VALLEY

The Pounds is one of the old landmarks of Southern Gallatin County. It is one of the most talked about and at the same time the least known to the last generation, of all the scenic features of that county.

Years ago, The Pounds was a favorite picnic ground and meeting place. The roads were comparatively better then. As highways between centers of population were improved, those in remote, hilly sections were neglected. Thus it came about that The Pounds became relatively more remote and the locality was visited less frequently.

The Pounds is a mesa-like rock whose top surface is rounded a little but retains soil sufficient for cultivation. The area is between ten and twenty acres. The only way that a vehicle could surmount it is over a narrow neck of land at the south end. Cars may come down a gentle slope from the public road which is south, to near this neck of land. The remainder of the journey must be on foot. There are rocks strewn around this south end of the structure a little way up the slope toward the top which have been said to be remains of prehistoric fortifications. If so, they were rightly placed for there are deep valleys all the remainder of the way around and the cliffs are nearly vertical and high so that defenders on top could repel a foe of superior numbers. There are, however, ways to climb up over fallen rocks and crevices. The ridge at the south is the only one that required a fortification when warriors used only clubs and arrows and stones.

The two valleys on either side meet at the north end of the structure to form Pounds Hollow which is high walled and nearly straight for about a mile running somewhat east of north, when its stream bed emerges onto more level territory and then flows more west than north toward Eagle Creek. The side valleys have their sources farther south than The Pounds proper. They converge near the neck of land mentioned above, then diverge only to unite at the north end as already stated.

The way to go formerly was to climb down either slope from the connecting ridge to one of the side valleys, follow on down as the valley grows deeper and deeper and finally come to the junction deep down at the north end. Where the valleys join at the north is nearly 200 feet lower than the top of the mesa. The vertical cliffs are 100 feet nearly straight up in places. This is not a mesa in the strict sense of the term as it is used on the desert plains of the Southwest because it is connected with other land masses and is not on a plain. Then, also, there is no distant view because the hills and cliffs across the narrow valleys are about as high as any viewpoint. The only vista is from the north end looking down the Pounds Hollow.

The winter season is the time to see the details of rocks and hills. The valleys are forested. In winter there is much of interest when leaves are off the great variety of trees and shrubs in the valleys. Wild flowers bloom among the ferns, shrubs, vines and trees in early spring and summer in great abundance. It is a naturalist's paradise since it has been molested but little in recent years. It is to be hoped that information given in this account will not lead to the destruction of any of these valley inhabitants by the careless flower gatherers.

Since the above was written for a former publication, great changes have been made by men. The older text is retained because it may be of

interest to those who desire to wander beyond where the average visitor goes.

The Forestry Service transformed the East Pounds Hollow Valley into a lake at the north end. All-weather roads are good from Karbers Ridge and from Route 1 where a sign south of Gibsonia points to the road from the Pounds. It is doubtful whether this huge block of stone was ever fortified. The stones at the south entrance to the ridge do not appear to have been placed there by human hands. The oldest settlers forty years ago had no knowledge of such

The two valleys on both sides of this mesa-like block were, as mentioned before, a botanist's paradise, seldom visited. A man-made lake stocked with fish and with conveniences for swimming, picnics, and boating now give pleasure to many where nature's stores were seldom known and appreciated by but a few who made infrequent visits.

If, after visiting The Pounds, the day is not too far spent, another attraction is High Knob.

High Knob, elevation 850 feet, is a few miles southwest of the Pounds and seven or eight miles almost directly east of Williams Hill. A row of high bluffs ranges all the way from Herod to High Knob. The Knob is directly north of Karbers Ridge village and very near it. The winding road approaches from the west off of the Karbers Ridge-Hancock road. The two places are at the south and north extremities of the Eagle Creek Valley. A scenic, all-year, gravel road connects them.



Pounds Hollow Lake

The view from High Knob is very fine. The road from the west approach is steep and winding but well kept. A watch tower and keeper's cottage are at the top of the ridge. The upward trail is winding but safe. High Knob seems higher than Williams Hill, but it is not so. The slopes to Williams Hill are rounded out to prevent a good near-by view. At High Knob, the slopes are abrupt so the height seems greater. The high point is nearly on the Gallatin and Hardin county line, only a little north of it. Buzzard's Point and other almost equally high hills lie along this county boundary line all the way to Herod being nearly on an east and west line ending west of Herod with Williams Hill, the highest of all in southern Illinois.

WOLRAB'S MILL

The first widely scattered settlers in southern Illinois planted corn in the clearings and cultivated it with very crude hand tools. They grew only enough for themselves and their few domestic animals.

They ground corn for corn pone Indian fashion or in hand mills. As communities became established, water mills were constructed by the more enterprising pioneers. These mills had a very limited capacity and did not operate in dry seasons of the year. A few larger ones situated on larger streams ran throughout the year and had considerable output. As time went on and necessity demanded, horse power was used to supplement the water but only to a limited extent. The use of steam engines was justified as towns grew up and so the old water mills were doomed. A few foundation stones or an old grinding stone, half buried, are about all that remains of what would be picturesque reminders of the early days if the structures were standing. It seems that none of the old water mills are operating in southern Illinois and I know of none that are standing. A large one was operating by the side of a beautiful pond and dam in a southern Indiana town a short time ago.

Going to mill in the early days was an event worth mentioning in the neighborhood, as going to Evansville or St. Louis is these days. The head of the family attended to this important duty. He went with a bag of corn across the horse's back and returned with part of a bag of meal, for he gave up part of the product to the miller as toll. What the miller did with his share is not related. He could not eat all of it and he was not in the business just for the fun of it.

The family got all the news from miles around when father returned. Now mother gathers the news at the beauty parlor. It took father longer to go to mill and return than it does mother to get a "permanent." He had to wait his turn. Sometimes he waited most of the day for he had no "appointment" by telephone and others might be waiting for their turns ahead of him, and the mill ground slowly. Owning a well-situated mill in those times was better than having a prosperous beauty shop now.

Perhaps the early grist mill most frequently mentioned by the old timers is Wolrab's Mill because it was situated on the old star route from Harrisburg to Elizabethtown which was travelled much before other roads were opened. Like the others of its time, little remains to mark the site. There are a few broken foundation stones hidden by the undergrowth in a ravine. Water was diverted more than a quarter of a mile farther up Goose Creek and brought in a ditch with little fall to near the mill where it was run into a wooden flume to fall and, after a short run, over the water wheel which turned the mill stones that did the grinding. It is difficult to imagine how so small a quantity of water as many of the mill streams furnished could turn such weighty stones as we occasionally see in prominent places where they have been placed as reminders of the days of our forefathers.

The chief interest in taking the trouble to go by where the old Wolrab Mill once stood is in the going and the thoughts that arise on such a trip. The mill site is on the road between Hicks and the Old Iron Furnace described in another article. The experience of driving down this old mail route which is still a mail route, was a new one to those who have never had the opportunity to follow a stream bed for a road. This route was easily followed with a car. Beginning about 17 miles below Hicks, the road was in the stream bed for three-tenths of a mile. The water, except at flood time when it might be car top deep, was in ordinary times nowhere deep enough to more than wet the running board. The shallow water was clear and ran over rocks so that there was no danger of getting stuck in mud. There are places where the tipping up of the rocks toward the ancient top of Hicks Dome is plainly seen.

The trees and bushes overhung and enclosed the passage in places, like a tunnel, touching the sides and top of the car but not scratching, while the clear water was below. At the end of this passage the road took to the west bank. The downstream road continued by crossing to the east side of Goose Creek very soon. From there on to the Furnace, which is 4.4 miles from Hicks, the new gravel road is on the east side of the stream. The mill site on the west side of the road was by a small cultivated piece of a field 3.4 miles southeast of Hicks. There are houses near, so that inquiry may be made by those whose interest makes them wish to verify this story by seeing for themselves. The mill site is at the side of the gravel road which no longer follows the creek bed. An interesting sight is a pair of twin trees standing between the road and the gravelly stream bed. Someone began to cut them down but stopped in time to save them.

THE ILLINOIS IRON FURNACES

Nearly 100 years ago, iron smelting from native ore was an important industry near the juncture of Hogthief and Big Creeks in Hardin County, Illinois. The interesting thing for us is that the first of the iron furnaces is still standing though it has not been used for sixty years or more.

Two such furnaces were in operation. The Illinois Furnace was built in 1837 and the Martha Furnace in 1848. The latter was used but nine years. It is entirely destroyed. For further details, see the story about Birch's Spring.

The Illinois Furnace became especially important during the Civil War when other supplies of iron were not all accessible.

Charcoal was used for fuel. The ore is of the type known as limonite. It is found in irregular masses in clay and it has formed by the disintegration of limestone. Deposits of unknown quantity are found in the hillsides near the furnace sites. This ore, as it crystallized out of the decaying rock, sometimes took on cylindrical forms like a bundle of small lead pencils so that it is also called pipestem ore. Scattered fragments of the ore and a left-over pile of charcoal may be seen on the ridge above the furnace.

The Illinois Furnace is at the abrupt end of a ridge a short distance north of where Goose Creek and Hogthief Creek join Big Creek. It consists of a central tower of brick six or eight feet in diameter, and about forty feet high, surrounding and supported by a square tower of irregular limestone blocks. This outside part is about thirty feet wide at the base and tapers to a twenty-foot square at the top. On the three sides away from the hill there are arched recesses leading to the lower part of the brick tower. From these the melted metal could be allowed to flow out to be run into moulds to make pig iron. It is related that some of the pigs might be found embedded in a creek bottom along the old road to Elizabethtown where overloaded wagons became mired so that the drivers got relief by casting off some of the load into the mud and then forgot about it. This tale serves to illustrate how difficult it was to market the product of the furnace.

Some iron sheets and bolt rods fastened to foundation stones east of the tower proper are all that is left of the accessory apparatus for creating a blast. Two of the arched recesses are in good shape. A few years ago an explosive was set in the south wall to wreck the structure for the purpose of procuring stones easily to mend a ford in a nearby creek. This tore down much of the middle of this wall and exposed the upper part of the inside tower of brick. The remainder of the furnace would stand for a long time as it is with a little repair if left undisturbed. There should be some agency by which such historic structures could be preserved for the instruction of future generations. It is not too late to save the essential features of the Old Illinois Iron Furnace.

There are several routes to the furnace. The easiest and best road to follow is to take Route 34 to the sign indicating where to turn to the south near the Stone Church to go to Rosiclare. Instead of turning south the road to the north should be followed. This route is mostly on a ridge or over hills overlooking the valley of Big Creek, which valley becomes much wider two miles north of Route 34 and thus raises a puzzling question for the geologists. It is a pleasant road with numerous twists and turns. It is the main road all the way and easily followed. The distance to the furnace from the concrete road is scarcely more than four miles. The last half mile is eastward. Goose Creek is crossed near its outlet into Big Creek. The highway parallels Big Creek for a short distance to a place where one fork turns abruptly north. This north turn should be taken instead of the southeast branch which soon crosses Big Creek. The left hand road going north is the one that leads to Hicks. The furnace is just south of the first farm house on the east side of the road a short distance north of the fork.



Old Iron Furnace

BIRCH'S SPRING AND THE MARTHA FURNACE

Springs do not occur on hilltops. They are always the outlets for water which entered the ground at some higher source and came down through rock or sand strata to a lower level. The layer above the one that is carrying the water is usually harder or more impervious than the one below it. The confined water escapes wherever the carrying layer outcrops, just as water coming down a slope in a pipe escapes at the lower open end. Most springs, and wells also, are not fed by water running in channels for a considerable distance under the surface as is popularly believed, but rather by coming out from seepage at the outcrops of sandy or porous rock or even earth. Channels in limestone regions may be exceptions.

The farm with a lasting spring has a valuable asset. Most level country farms are without springs. Owners of farms in the hills are fortunate. There are hundreds of farms with springs sufficient for all farm uses in the Southern Illinois Ozarks. Spring water coming through rock or sand layers is pure and healthy. The mineral content has little to do with its healthfulness. A chemist can duplicate most spring waters at very little expense. Those springs having minerals of curative value have them in such small quantities that many gallons would have to be consumed daily by the patient to produce any appreciable effect. Freedom from germs such as the typhoid bacillus is the quality to be sought for health's sake. It might be that a spring issuing from near limestone sinks would carry surface water and thus be unsafe.

Indiana and Missouri both boast of springs sending forth waters sufficient to be called rivers at the beginning. These are no doubt outlets of real underground channels in limestone.

One large spring in Princeton, Kentucky, at one time supplied the whole city with water. The present supply comes from a single spring a few miles in the country. Not far away there is a larger spring whose flow has been estimated by me as high as 4,500 gallons per minute.

Birch's Spring, situated about three miles upstream near Hog Thief Creek and only two and a half miles in a straight line from the Illinois Iron Furnace, is one of the most attractive in Southern Illinois. In general, its location is four and a half miles south of the Philadelphia School which in turn is two and a half miles east of Karbers Ridge. Or, coming around by Route 34 to Elizabethtown and on the Cave in Rock road as far as the Bassett School, a mile and a half out, the route may be generally north past the Keelin School, crossing and then up Hog Thief Creek, past the Martha Furnace site, and on less than a mile to where the road turns directly north. A very short distance north up this road the name may be seen on the spring house east of the highway. A large volume of water, cold and clear, pours out from under the cliff over the concrete channel in the spring house where milk is kept cold. There are benches under the roof by the flowing water. It is a fine place to cool off and enjoy the water.

The farm house, part of which has been used as a general country store, is north of the spring. A little one-room log cottage stands between the spring and the residence. It is neat and clean inside with a fireplace, bed, and other simple furniture all of which are used only occasionally. It has, in times past, been rented to one or two persons who might wish to get away to one of the most remote and picturesque little sites that can be found anywhere in this part of the state. Such accommodations are probably no longer available.

Directions for getting to this place may seem confusing. So may be the roads, though they are better than the directions might indicate. Any one with the courage to explore and a willingness to inquire along the way will find little difficulty in arriving if he will keep in mind that the location is approximately two and a half miles east and four and a half miles south of Karbers Ridge. Or, it is five and a half miles north and a little east of Elizabethtown.

If the spring alone were the only quest it might not be worth the trip. There is the additional pleasure of crossing and recrossing clear water streams, driving under overhanging limbs that span the road, wondering what is over the next hill, and getting a little of the thrill that must have come to the pioneer as he came to these little valleys for the first time. Then there is the contact with the honest people who till the rich bottom lands, who live on little that comes from stores but enjoy life in a leisurely way, sometimes hunting and fishing not only for the pleasure but sometimes to supplement the meat and vegetable stores which most any farmer among these hills may provide. One may explore and not get lost. A road extends northeast somewhat parallel with Hog Thief Creek almost to its source near the Rock Creek School from where a good road leads in toward the Bassett School and Elizabethtown. The scenery is interesting in the Rock Creek neighborhood which shows evidence of thrift and enterprise. The farming is more extensive on the ridges in this neighborhood.

It is an interesting experience to ford Hog Thief Creek on the road from Bassett School to the spring. The creek bed is of stone and coarse gravel. The abandoned, partial framework of a bridge is just east of this crossing. There is a suspension foot bridge across the creek nearby, such as has been common in the Ozark hills so that school children and others can cross. Steps at either end lead up to the narrow runway which is suspended from wire cables attached to trees.

The site of the Martha Furnace is farther up Hog Thief near a country store. A rock bearing the name, "Martha Furnace," was uncovered when the gravel road was built. It is set in concrete by the road.

THE OLD VOLCANO

What a commotion would be started if we should wake up some morning to see the smoke of an active volcano ascending in a column some twenty or twenty-five miles southeast of Harrisburg.

There is no danger. The show was over ages ago. All that remains is a bare oval spot on the slope of a clay hill extending down into the rocky bed of a small stream. The worn-off neck of the volcano just as it solidified in the last effort to force more molten matter out from the earth's interior, is all that remains. The material is true volcanic lava, just such as occurs in various parts of the world, notably in South Africa. This particular "volcanic plug" exposes scattered boulders of volcanic breccia lying on the solid mass of the same material which is thought to extend to the depths below. It contains many kinds of pebbles and angular fragments of rock which became embedded in the molten mass as it was forced up. Some of these fragments are partly changed by heat. Weathered fragments can be pried off in sufficient quantities for specimens.

The geological survey locates it on the N E 1-4, N W 1-4, N E 1-4, Sec. 13, Twp. 11 S, R 8 E in Hardin County. To put it in plain English, go on Route 34 through Herod and beyond about one and a half miles to the sign indicating the Karber's Ridge road. This road leads generally east and is passable every day in the year. Karber's Ridge is almost exactly six miles directly east of Herod in a straight line. The distance is but a mile farther by road. Keep going generally east from Karber's Ridge for three miles or so as far as the road goes in that direction. You come to a place where one road goes north and the other south. The north branch of the road goes to The Pounds.

Take the south road for a quarter mile to the Philadelphia School. Then go directly east slightly more than a mile till you are near the fork of the road at Sparks Hill. Stop on a rise where there are some woods to the south of the road. You should be about three eighths of a mile directly north of the volcano and as near your destination as you can drive. You must prepare to tramp across fields having ditches, fences, and ridges all of which are not difficult to pass over.

Do not expect to see a cone or a crater. The lava is worn to conform to the south slope of the hill and occupies an oval space about 200 feet long extending down into the rocky bed of a stream which flows east. The hills are clay but the worn off end of the "volcanic plug" is a hard rock as described above. Down in the stream bed the bed rock of the region is exposed and the line between it and the lava is very distinct. There is some vegetation growing on the decayed lava but many parts are bare. It is of a dark color where exposed to the weather. Two or three trees which grow where there is a little soil help in finding it.

This is the only volcanic neck or evidence of real volcanic action in this part of the United States. The wonder of it is that there were not more of its kind when we consider that molten matter did come up from

the interior of the earth to or near the surface in many places in Pope, Saline and Hardin counties. There are numerous dikes cutting through the coal veins in Saline County. In places the coal is coked on either side of the crack which became filled with the hot material which formed the dike. The material in many of the dikes in Hardin and Pope counties is igneous but not like that at the volcano. Material similar to the lava at the volcano is found at one or two other places in dikes. At the Hicks Dome which is only a few miles southwest of the volcano great masses of melted rock are thought to have forced the rocks up into a dome with out coming to the surface.

WOMBLE MOUNTAIN

Some pictures are better close up, others from afar. Womble Mountain is both. It stands out as a landmark from almost any ridge in Saline County. It is not so high as Williams Hill. These two rounded hills with the high ridge extending several miles north to Cave Hill, stand up at the sky line and attract the attention of strangers entering the county either from the north or west.

Womble also bears a close-up view. It is scarcely appreciated by the many who pass to the west of it on Route 34 at a point about 15 miles out from Harrisburg except when the autumn colors dress it up in holiday attire. To be fully enjoyed, the wonderful views which it affords must be had from its summit which is more than 920 feet above sea level.

The name is that of a family some of whose graves are in a small cemetery in a field to the northwest of the hill and nearer the road.

Fortunately, Womble is so near the concrete road that it may be visited at any season. It is easier to find the better approaches to the top in the winter season when the leaves are gone. There is less danger of missing the way then, though no one can get permanently lost at any time. We all have the exploring spirit and enjoy a little adventure. Distances and directions are so deceptive in the little tree-covered slope that lies between the road and Table Rock, whose top can always be seen from the road, that the same route can scarcely be followed twice by those who often visit the place.

The best way to explore is to go directly to Table Rock. This is a huge block of sandstone as big as the average county courthouse. It was originally a part of the cliff above. The cliff extends all around the top except for a narrow space at the north where the ascent is so steep as to be tiresome to climb. The whole thing is more like the mesas of the Southwest than any other found locally. The angle in the cliff from which Table Rock came can be identified by its shape and smoother unweathered face. Likewise the corresponding end and side of the detached rock are smooth as compared with the other surfaces which have been exposed to the weather for centuries longer.

Another similar but much smaller rock is partially loose from the cliff a little farther south. A narrow crevice leads up to the top from its south end at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. The view from above is worth the climb. Better views are from the southeast corner of the mesa, reached by going across the cleared field which is about ten acres in area. The valley to the south and east, from the bare cliff tops at the southeast, looks amazingly deep. There is here another steep crevice by which to descend and explore under the overhanging cliff. The return trip should be made around the south end at the base of the cliff to near Table Rock. There is no water after leaving the spring stream near the road, which makes it desirable to imitate the habits of the camel or to search frantically for the spring on the return trip unless it is preferable to be burdened with a thermos bottle on the trip. The road is rocky and not made for a tenderfoot.

There is an overhanging cliff at the southeast corner near the best and only place to descend. A phoebe builds her nest in the cave roof every June. I, with others, found shelter there for a half day when it rained. We saw the low-hanging clouds below us at times.

WILLIAMS HILL

What is a mountain? What do we mean when speaking of the height of a mountain? When is a hill a hill and when may it be called a mountain? We might as well ask when does a gosling become a goose? Williams Hill is the highest point in southern Illinois and from its top we may look down on Womble Mountain. The Ozark Hills of southern Illinois are also called the Ozark Mountains of southern Illinois. The highest point in the state is Charles Mound in Jo Daviess County in the extreme northwest part of Illinois, yet no one calls it, or the other high lands nearby, a mountain.

We measure mountains and hills from sea level and not from their feet as we do humans. Charles Mound is 1241 feet above sea level but the high lands about it, though carved into deep valleys, are not called mountains because they do not rise abruptly from more level regions near.

The government survey says that Williams Hill is 1065 feet above sea level. Bald Knob, near Alto Pass and four miles west and one mile north of Cobden in Union County, is 1030 feet above sea level. The court house yard in Harrisburg is 400 feet above sea level. The Harrisburg National Bank Building would have to have nearly seven and a half duplicates of itself piled one upon another to reach as high as the top of Williams Hill.

If you do not think Williams Hill is high, climb to its top. A good starting place is at a point on Route 34 where a small valley stream comes out of the woods more than a mile north of Herod on the west side of the road. The elevation here is about 465 feet, which means that you will

climb up 600 feet in going about two miles to the top of the hill. It must be done on foot for there is no road up this valley. No place is very steep. It is sometimes rocky. The timber is standing, and there are some fantastic rock masses to break the monotony of the slow upward climb. There is no danger of getting lost in the woods going up, for the only direction to go is up the valley. A guide might make it easier to find the way back. It is like going to and returning from the North Pole. Going north always leads toward the Pole but going south may lead anywhere.

If a two-mile climb is not enough, try starting up Beech Hollow near Rudement and take a four or five-mile tramp uphill all the way. Or, go on to Herod and southwest on the Hartsville road to the outlet of either Gyp Williams Hollow or Beartrack Hollow and follow one of them up to the top. It requires less walking that way but it is steep and interesting. There is also a fairly straight dirt road that is not so steep, coming right up from the west side. The only objection to this last route is the difficulty of getting around to the west side to start. I came up that way once after tramping from Eddyville by way of Delwood and the way was steep enough then.

The above was written before the Federal Forest Service took over a good part of Williams Hill. There is now a good gravel road up from the vicinity of Delwood on the west slope. The newer road from Herod built by the CCC boys under government supervision is well graded. Its curves give an ever-changing view of deep valleys and distant views in some instances better than from the summit. The roads from east and west connect near the top.



Picnic Grounds—Williams Hill

The view from the summit is inspiring. Ridge after ridge of the Ozark Hills extend as far as the eye can reach, except to the north where the lowlands of Saline County lie spread out. The visibility determines how far one can see for there are no other hills to shut out the view. Field glasses are useful. With them you can see "over home" into Kentucky.

There is a watchman's home near the lookout tower. Ovens and tables for picnic meals are attractive and well constructed.

HICKS DOME

Stuart Weller was one of the best informed men on the geology of southern Illinois. In his address before the Illinois State Academy of Science in 1926, he stated that the eastern end of the Illinois Ozarks in Saline, Pope, Hardin, and Gallatin counties had been pushed up in places by the intrusion of igneous matter from unknown depths. He gave as evidences that there had been disturbances from below over quite a wide area, such as the dikes in coal mines in Saline County and elsewhere, together with other evidences of the elevation and breaking of the stratified layers of the earth's crust at various places between Harrisburg, Illinois, and Princeton, Kentucky. The most pronounced indication that melted material from below had oozed up with a force sufficient to lift to a great height rock layers hundreds of feet thick is at Hicks Dome.

The Dome does not appear to be a dome. Weller, in describing it, uses a diagram which indicates that the visible top at the center is in a valley. Without regard to the exposed rock layers one is unable to judge, when on any of the numerous hill tops in the vicinity, which one may be nearest the center of the Dome itself. The center of the Dome is nearly three miles almost directly east of the old Pierce mines which are seen to the east of Route 34 south of Eichorn. The theory of its origin is as follows:

In a past geological age, the horizontal rock layers in an oval area extending several miles north and south from beyond the boundary of Saline County and well toward the Ohio River, were pushed up into a dome whose center is something less than a mile southeast of the rural village of Hicks. If there had been no wearing away of the rocks through the long ages since, the center of the Dome would be more than a thousand feet higher than it is now and would tower above the surrounding territory in plain sight. As it is, erosion has leveled it off and valleys have worn in the weaker strata till there is little but the uptilted rock layers pointing up from all sides to tell the story. To still further hinder observation and prevent reading the story from the rocks so well, it happens that the rocks are covered with soil in most places in this very hilly country. There are, however, enough exposures to tell the story clearly.

The geologist notes that, where rock layers are exposed anywhere within a radius of a few miles from the dome center, they are tilted up toward this center in most cases at angles of ten to fifteen degrees. About a mile and a third south of Herod on Route 34, the rock layers on both sides of the road tilt up to the southeast toward the dome center distinctly.

The liquid material from the earth's interior appears to have come up through some vent and then spread horizontally and solidified before reaching the top. The center where there was less spreading out but a greater thickness of the intruded mass is the center of the dome. Consequently, since the top has eroded to about the level of the surrounding territory, the uptilted rocks at the center are very ancient. They are of the Devonian Age. It is at the centers of domes and upbended ridges of the rocks that deposits of oil and gas are found. Whether such may be on or around Hicks Dome has not been determined because no drill holes have penetrated far enough to learn what may be there. No holes have gone far enough to get through the stratified rocks to the supposed layer of igneous material that is said to be responsible for the uplift of the rocks. There is little to see but much to think about in this connection.

The most interesting road to follow to Hicks and the Dome is the old star route over which the mail was carried from Harrisburg to Elizabethtown for many years. Part of it should satisfy the modern driver. Leave Route 34 at the Karbers Ridge sign about two miles south of Herod. Take the first right hand turn down hill to Brushy Creek which is forded. A rich fossil deposit is a short distance below the ford by a water gate. The uptilted rocks may be noticed here. This road is graveled to Hicks as are many others in Hardin County. Hicks is 5.4 miles from Herod and 19.4 from Harrisburg.

Hicks School and the Frank E. Fricker home are the nearest places on the road to the center of the Dome. A hill a half mile southwest of the Hicks School is about the center. From the cleared part of its top a good view of the situation is found.

The return trip may be west from Hicks to Route 34 or west on another road which begins two miles south of Hicks. The most picturesque way to return is to continue on southeast on the old mail route along Goose Creek to Big Creek and then out toward Elizabethtown or Rosiclare. Directions for this route are being given in reference to the Old Illinois Iron Furnace, Welrab's Mill, and Birch's Spring.



Eroded Dome—Cross Section

THE HARDIN COUNTY SINKS

One of the most interesting drives in all southeastern Illinois is the round trip between Elizabethtown at the eastern end of Route 34 to Cave in Rock, a distance of twelve miles going back by the improved upper road farther back from the river, and the return trip by the lower or river road which is shorter. The upper road is black top; Route 146 is very good. The other is narrower, through hilly woodland and winding, but with many attractions and not difficult to travel in good weather.

The characteristic feature of the upper route is the many limestone sinks of which as many as fifty may be seen from the road. Others lie back out of sight across the fields. The majority hold water and are lakes ranging in size from little ponds to one covering 400 acres.

Immediately after leaving Elizabethtown by the northeast road toward the Basset School a mile and a half out, some of these sinks may be seen. They are pits, sometimes dry and sometimes holding water. This part of the journey after nearing the school and for four miles beyond to the east is surface drained by streams. The remaining seven and a half miles to Cave in Rock is through the sinks. In one or two places the road is built across a sink. This limestone area extends toward the north and east from Cave in Rock where there are more ponds and lakes.

No extensive surface streams are found among the sinks. All rainfall goes to them and then away through underground channels. These pits or sinkholes are probably due to the collapse of the roof of subterranean channels in the Fredonia limestone which is easily dissolved by the water. There is some evidence that the pits could have been made by the surface water first dissolving the stone nearest the top. However it may be, the limestone below the surface must be honeycombed with caverns and subterranean channels.

Some of these depressions hold water the year round and are stocked with fish. The rain water passes out directly from others through openings at the bottom. Still others drain slowly and some become dry by evaporation in times of drought. An area of 400 acres southeast of Lead Hill and northeast of the Green farm is usually covered with water. In some periods, part of it drains out so that corn is grown on the fertile lake bottom. Once in the past several years all of the water went out, apparently due to the subterranean connections with the river having cleared. Corn stalks and other debris wash in and choke the outlet. Instances are known of depressions which have long been dry but after a heavy rain became filled and held water for years thereafter.

ELIZABETHTOWN

This quaint old town, the county seat of Hardin County, without a railroad but located at the southeast end of Route 34, thirty miles from Harrisburg, is beautifully situated overlooking the Ohio River. The main business street, the Rose Hotel, and some of the best residences are on a level stretch above the high water mark of the river. The court house, the school building, some stores, and more residences are on the hill overlooking the main street. The high fill and the bridge across Big creek just west of town give a good idea of the elevation above the river.

The coming of the concrete road and improvement of the route to Cave in Rock twelve miles up river have put Elizabethtown upon the map to the advantage of thousands of travelers who otherwise would not have known of its attractions. The ferries at both Elizabethtown and Cave in Rock accommodate many people to and from Illinois and such cities in Kentucky as Sullivan, Marion, Sturgis, Princeton and Smithland.

Forty years ago, Elizabethtown was on a "star route" from Harrisburg. That is, the mail was carried daily from Harrisburg under contract. Such routes were listed and marked by stars on government records. The late Capt. W. W. Largent of Harrisburg had the contract then and combined the government job with passenger traffic. The mail was taken from Harrisburg to Herod or Thacker's Gap where team and driver were met by a similar outfit from Elizabethtown. The mail and travelers were transferred and each driver returned to his own town. Passengers thus reached their destination the day they started (unless the waters were too high) and could return the next day by the same route.

The name is commonly shortened to E-town by people of Hardin county. The correct name is derived from that of Elizabeth McFarland, wife of James McFarland, who came from North Carolina in 1808 and built the hotel which is so beautifully situated on the river front. Another log structure of about the same age is located on the edge of town and is still occupied. Many of the business houses of substantial construction testify to the time when the sturdy pioneers built for those who should live after them. The earliest settlers in the county came about 1805. Some of their descendants still live in the town and country around. Some of the McFarland family are buried on the ground they originally bought from the government. Some graves are at the rear of the hotel.

The county was cut off from Pope County and organized in 1839. Its western boundary was Grand Pierre Creek and the northeast boundary was a line from the head of Grand Pierre Creek to Cave in Rock. Next year the west boundary was changed to a straight line from the head of Grand Pierre running straight south to the river. In 1847 part of Gallatin County was added and the line from Grand Pierre at the northwest was made to run east almost exactly along the crest of the Illinois Ozarks whose southern slopes include the entire county.

Visitors at Elizabethtown find the summer house on the promontory in front of the hotel a most beautiful thing to see and to see from. This is private property. Property rights should be respected by those who use it.

The main channel of the river was beyond Hurricane Island which has been extending downstream about a half mile in seventy-five years. In the dry summer of 1930 the water was so shallow north of the island that the channel could be waded. It is said to have been entirely dry in January of 1907.

The river seldom freezes over. In 1917-18, ice in some places was 18 inches thick. Freight was hauled across the river. The river remained frozen over from December 19, 1917, to February 9, 1918. When the ice broke, an ice jam was formed where the river is narrower near Carrsville, Kentucky, below Rosiclare. Ice hummocks pushed up forty feet high. The sound of the crashing ice was like artillery. The water at Elizabethtown rose fifteen feet in an hour and would have risen into the town if the jam had not broken. The trees on Hurricane Island and at other places were said to have been sheared off by the rushing ice as grass is cut by a mower. The government has regulated the channel so that now the main current is on the north side of Hurricane Island.

In the days of much river traffic, a boat made the trip from Paducah to Evansville daily, stopping at Elizabethtown for passengers and freight. Now the river traffic is mostly tows of barges with freight. In Civil War days, Union gunboats shelled the woods on the Kentucky side opposite the town when it was thought that Morgan or his men might be in the vicinity.

In the early days, the county and vicinity of E-town was the habitat of several gangs of counterfeiters who lived in the hills and caves, securing the metal for making counterfeit silver money from the ores found in a number of places in the county, using the caves in the vicinity for their actual operations until the government broke up the bands by sending several of the leaders to federal prisons.

The scenery for several miles above and below Elizabethtown is the most beautiful to be seen on the Ohio, the point known as Tower Rock some three miles above the town being the highest point on the river between Evansville and Paducah. A boat trip up and down the river a few miles each way is a very delightful way to travel and is decidedly out of the ordinary way of taking an outing in these days of travel in automobiles. Power boats may be engaged locally.

THE CAVE AT CAVE IN ROCK

The famous cave in the limestone bluff a short distance above the town of Cave in Rock was thought to be a remnant of an underground outlet such as may exist now at lower levels.

W.P.A. labor removed the dirt from the rear of the cave and found no such opening. They found and left a gloomy mudhole. The old opening at the rear through which it was possible to climb out, is a gaping space in the rocks above.

The cave is the most famous natural thing along the river as seen from a boat. The opening is arched and is about twenty-five feet wide and fifteen feet high. It is 150 feet to the rear end. At ordinary stages of the river, the opening is well above the water. I have landed from a boat when the water was within the cave. Half way back there is an opening in the ceiling through which a man may climb if he has a ladder to reach it. It is in a small room above that the bandits of a hundred years ago are said to have hidden their booty. Many fabulous tales are told of its size. The stories are so contradictory that I carried a ladder up from the town and explored it to find that the "room" is only a small space where but a few people might crowd in and is in reality not a room at all.

A narrow opening formerly extended up from near the rear end of the cave to the bluff above from which a good view of the river may be had. This opening was narrow and steep. Since the soil was removed, it cannot be approached.

While the view from the bluff just above the cave mouth is a good one, it is much better from the top of the hill which is a fourth of a mile up the gentle slope to the northeast. It should not be forgotten before starting up the hill that there is the traditional lover's leap somewhere near the cave. This tradition has become so faint that some lovesick maiden should immortalize herself and add to the attractiveness of the locality by actually jumping off at some point which she should definitely mark before making the leap so that future historians may not be left in doubt about the authenticity of the whole event.

The view from the top of the hill is one of the best along the river. The river for miles above and below is in sight and the hills stand out in relief in all directions. The scene upriver and over into the Kentucky hills is especially attractive. There are two small Indian mounds right at the summit of the hill near where a residence once stood. Indian graves were near the path leading up. Flat stones which lined some that were opened may be seen scattered about in the grass.

Since the area became a state park, a good road has been built to the shelter and picnic grounds at the top of the hill.

THE BANDITS AT CAVE IN ROCK

The completion of Route 1 from near Junction to Cave in Rock has brought the famous cave at the latter city within an hour's journey from Harrisburg, Eldorado, Shawneetown or Golconda. No place in Illinois can claim more history and traditions than the Cave. It was first mentioned by a French explorer who came down the Ohio in 1729. Ever since, the open mouth of the cavern has been a landmark to be noted from passing boats. It became a place of shelter and rest for travelers and at times the haunt of bands of outlaws. Every passing boat was in view from the Cave. The high hill above made it possible to know in advance when a boat laden with possible booty would arrive. The flat boat era and the unsettled state of society in that early day gave unusual opportunity to outlaws from 1795 to 1820.

Samuel Mason was one of the first who came. He was a Virginian and a Revolutionary soldier of good family. He first became known as an outlaw in the vicinity of Henderson, Kentucky, and at Diamond Island fourteen miles below. He came to the Cave in 1797 and put out a sign announcing that he had established there "A Liquor Vault and House of Entertainment." He had changed his name to Wilson since being driven out from his former haunts. Besides his wife, five children, two slaves, and an expert counterfeiter, he is said to have gathered about him one of the worst bands of robbers and counterfeiters that ever infested the frontier. After about two years his deeds became so notorious that he fled to the lower Ohio and Mississippi where he carried on and continued to be a terror to boatmen and merchants.

The Harpe brothers, the most bloodthirsty and cruel murderers that ever infested the Kentucky Territory, also used the Cave though they spent most of their wild career in Kentucky and Tennessee where they murdered scores of men, women and children often without cause and seemingly through mere hatred of mankind. They came into Tennessee about 1795 from North Carolina. Their father was a Tory, fighting against the colonists at King's Mountain. The older, Micajah, known as Big Harpe, brought Susan and Betsy Roberts from North Carolina. He claimed Susan as his wife, though Betsy often posed as such and at times as the wife of the younger brother, Wiley, known as Little Harpe. They wandered two years with outlaw bands of Creek and Cherokee Indians and then settled near Knoxville where Wiley married Sally Rice, the daughter of a preacher. They pretended to farm but stole livestock and sold it until discovered and driven out. They were captured in the Cumberland mountains but escaped. They returned and began murdering travelers for their money, and children for no reason at all. They ripped open the bodies of their victims, filled them with stones, and threw them into streams to conceal their deeds. They were again captured and jailed in Lincoln County, Kentucky but escaped. The women were tried for murder but acquitted. A child was born to one of the women while in jail. All these events are recorded in court records. They were pursued to Adair County and then to near Henderson where the women joined them. They continued to murder as they fled, finally getting to Diamond Island

and then to the Cave. It is recorded that they shot two or three persons who were at a camp fire on the Potts plantation near the mouth of the Saline River in Illinois.

They gathered a band of desperate men about them at the Cave. There is a tradition that a boat landed above the Cave and a young man and his sweetheart wandered to the bluff a quarter of a mile above the bandit hideout. They were sitting at the edge of the bluff. The two Harpes slipped up behind them and pushed them off the forty-foot cliff.

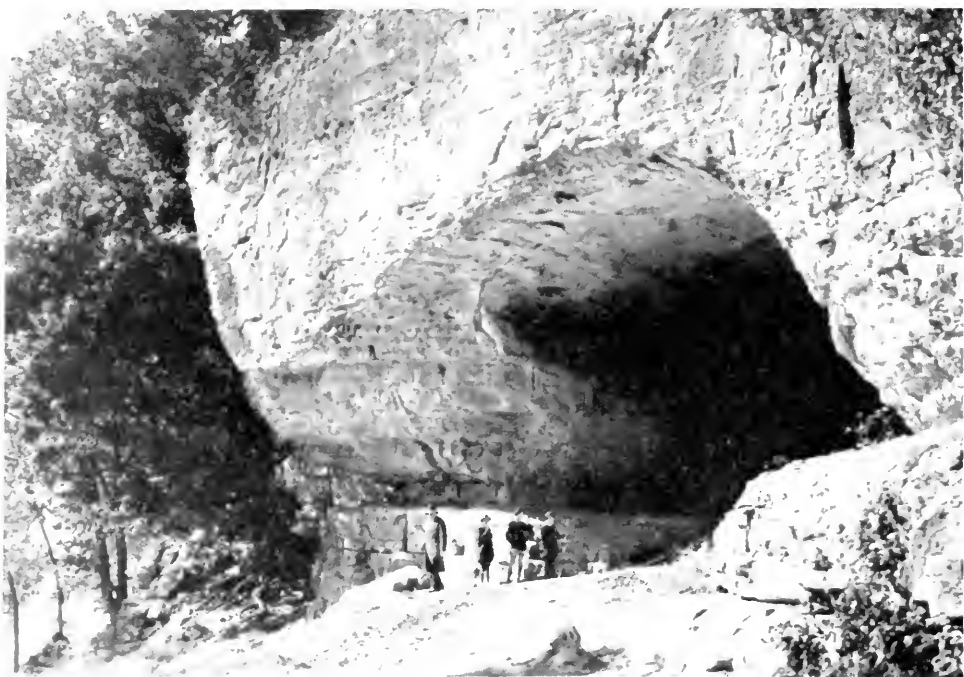
Soon after, two families were captured from a flatboat. Two passengers who were not murdered with the others were brought ashore. One was stripped and tied to a blindfolded horse on the high ground above the Cave. The horse was then frightened and caused to run off the bluff to fall with its burden upon the rocks a hundred feet below.

The Harpes and their gang again had to flee. They appeared near their old haunts in Kentucky and Tennessee where they continued to display their fury until Big Harpe was finally killed and his head taken and hung in a tree at a place known as Harpes' Head near Robinson Lick about twenty miles from Henderson on the Henderson and Madisonville road.

Later on, the Cave was used by counterfeiters. A man named Duff, thought by some to have been George Rogers Clark's guide, operated there and at the Island Rifle. He is supposed to have gotten lead and silver near by in Illinois. Another man, named Sturdevant, had a home on a bluff near Rosiclare. He used the Cave as a place to exchange counterfeit with his agents whom he had scattered all over the western country. He got sixteen dollars in cash for a hundred in counterfeit bills. Citizens became suspicious and broke up the gang in 1831 after which Sturdevant disappeared.

I have a copy of a letter describing the sufferings of a woman who in those early days was left with her baby at the Cave while the husband went in search of food. She ate roots when food ran out and finally flagged a passing boat with her red skirt. She was supplied with food by the boat people but refused to go with them; so she waited for her husband who had been captured by Indians but escaped and returned after two months. She was a Mrs. Thomas who was an ancestor of Mrs. A. G. Abney and the Robinsons of Saline County.

More information may be found in Rothert's "Bandits of the Cave in Rock Region," and in "The Outlaw Years," by Coates.



Cave In Rock Cave from the River

(Courtesy Egyptian Key)

FORD'S FERRY

A hundred years ago and more, Ford's Ferry was a chief crossing into Illinois from Western Kentucky. The ferry is abandoned now and only a narrow road between cornfields leads to the Illinois landing place where a few fishermen's skiffs are tied. It is nearly three miles up the river from Cave in Rock and fully four and a half by a fairly good gravel and dirt road.

James Ford, who lived near Smithland and owned much property, had much to do with making his ferry a good crossing by seeing that the roads to it were improved. He was generally known as a good citizen up to near the time of his tragic death which followed a rapidly increasing suspicion that his was the master mind in a series of crimes connected with the ferry.

He had the road improved for eight miles south of the ferry to the Pickering Hill and northwest on the Illinois side for twelve miles to Potts Hill. He changed the Low Water Road to what became known as the High Water Road over the hills for four miles from the river toward Potts Hill. There were thus twenty miles of improved road through a lonely wooded country over which travelers might go and find convenient taverns at intervals. Ford maintained a tavern near the Kentucky landing where shelter and food were provided. The house still stands nearly hidden

by trees from boats on the river. Dam 50 is a short way up the river in plain view from the Ford Tavern.

Billy Potts maintained a similar log tavern near the spring at the foot of Potts Hill. The building, a double affair of hewn logs, was moved farther down the slope and surrounded by a barn so that the rooms of the tavern served as corn cribs and haymow. The barn with part of the old tavern in it burned a few years ago. The spring which figures later in this story still flows plentifully from under the cliff west of the newer residence. The location is an eighth of a mile west of Route 1 and nine miles north of Cave in Rock.

There are tales innumerable of robberies and murders along this lonely twenty miles of road between Potts Hill and Pickering Hill. How lonely it was and how easy it was for robbers to succeed in their efforts may be realized by following the densely-shaded and winding road under the bluff for the last mile of the way to the bottom land road down to the ferry landing. It is a good dry-weather road. It is worth the trip to anyone familiar with the Ford's Ferry traditions to experience the creepy feeling of loneliness within its shadows. Authentic records about the crimes that were committed are wanting because there were no arrests and no court records to be kept until near the end of the period of treachery and crime. The tradition about one of the crimes is as follows:

The plan was for one of either the Ford gang or the Potts gang to fall in with a traveler at one end of the twenty-mile journey from either the Pickering or the Potts Hill. A traveler who had money might disappear and never get to the Potts Hill Tavern if he became confidential with the newly-made friend who wished to go with him for safety and company. If the victim got as far as Potts Hill, he might be murdered and buried in the vicinity before having a chance to resume his journey on the following morning. If tales of unaccountable disappearances were current, Potts and Ford apparently were among the most ardent in hunting the criminals. They boasted of how they kept the way clear of such men and made the road safe.

Billy Potts' son was thus accompanying a traveler in the guise of needing company and protection himself when he was surprised in the act of robbery by two settlers who chanced upon the road at an unexpected place. They recognized young Potts and spread the word. The elder Potts pretended that he had driven his son from home upon hearing of it. The son disappeared and was gone for some years. He finally returned stouter than before and disguised by a beard which he had grown. He came by way of Kentucky and stopped at the old haunt at the Ford Tavern. He was not recognized by his former companions to whom he displayed a roll of money. When he observed that they were planning his murder he made himself known. The next day he decided to play the same game at the Potts home. He was not recognized by his parents and displayed his money. At bed time he decided to go down to the old spring for a drink. While kneeling down to drink he was fatally stabbed by the father and buried in a shallow grave.

His companions came over from the ferry next day. Billy Potts reported the rich haul he had made and would not believe that he had killed his own son. They uncovered the body and found a birthmark by which the mother identified her child.

Finally the gang got suspicious of each other. Ford was treacherously killed by a band of men who visited him in a friendly way and began to disperse. A man came with a letter to Ford who was sitting propped back in his chair in the passageway between the rooms of the double house or tavern. The messenger held a candle over Ford's head so that the letter could be read. A shot from the darkness without pierced his heart.

Just whether Ford was guilty of furthering the plans of the outlaws or was the victim of circumstances will never be known. Other facts indicate that he was not without blame. It is said that some of his descendants became people of great influence and worth in some of the larger cities of the middle west. The two taverns stood almost a hundred years after the passing of Ford. The spring flows on as ever before. The High Water Road is no longer traveled in its entirety. If ghosts could walk as of yore, they would no doubt be met by anyone who would venture upon the abandoned High Water Road by night.

ROSICLARE

Rosiclare, the largest town in Hardin County, is three miles below Elizabethtown on the Ohio a short distance off Route 34. Nearly all but the business section of the town is beautifully situated on the hills. The casual visitor who drives down to the river front, turns around, and retraces his path may think he has seen Rosiclare; but he has not. He should drive west to Fairview past the high school up onto the hill and then turn toward the river to return along the railroad tracks. The old "Fairview" mine is here. Then he should go to the opposite side of town where the high bluffs overlook the river. The streets are not laid off in square blocks but are made to fit the hills. Neat comfortable homes are there. All the streets are hard surfaced with tailings from the mines, as is the road from Route 34 which leads in near two of the big mines, past the Y. M. C. A. Building long used as a community center.

Rosiclare was settled about 1815 by a Mr. Roberts and is said to have been named for the two daughters of a French settler, Rosi and Clare. Most of the growth has been since 1874 when the village was first organized. Lead was discovered in digging a well in the Fairview section in 1839. The fluor spar with it was of little value and was cast aside, only to be salvaged years after when it became valuable. Lead mining was profitable for a time. A smelter was in operation. As the deposit near the surface was exhausted, the expense of mining became greater. Quarrying limestone then became the leading industry. Limestone cliffs border the river for several miles. It was an easy approach for loading on boats. The stone had good cleavage quality. Great quantities were shipped south for paving levees and wharfs at Memphis, Vicksburg and New Orleans. It was used in building the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi.

The fluor spar mining did not flourish until spar was found necessary in the open-hearth process in the iron furnaces about 1898. But small amounts were produced before 1905. This and the territory across the river constitutes the greatest spar producing region in the world

The theory is that the earth's crust broke and slipped, creating great crevices which later filled with calcite only to be replaced with fluor spar from the fluids which came from the earth's interior. The veins stand on edge and are from a few inches to thirty feet in thickness extending to unknown depths. The main vein extends southwest northeast and is indicated by the location of the larger mines.

A shaft is sunk and crosscuts to the vein are run at 100-foot intervals. Drifts follow the vein from the crosscut. The spar is then mined from below and falls to the chutes, to be loaded into the mine cars. When the spar has been removed from above the drift, another crosscut is opened 100 feet lower. A depth of over 700 feet has been reached at Rosiclare.

There are many smaller deposits in the surrounding territory. Near Cave in Rock, the Benzene Company's mine and others are in a peculiar formation resulting in the vein's being horizontal. New deposits have been opened in a field northeast of the old Benzene works which is pretty much worked out.

The price of spar as taken from the mines varies as the demand for iron increases and decreases. The demand was great during the two World Wars, such that the properties were carefully guarded on account of the vital importance of the product.

Transportation has been largely by water. Shipments have been made by river and canal to Chicago. During the depression years of the early 1930's the industry dwindled.

About 85 per cent of the output is of a grade suitable for steel making. About nine per cent is used for enamels, porcelain glazes and opaque glass making. The balance is used in manufacturing hydrofluoric acid, aluminum, germicides, etc. An extremely small amount is known as optical spar.

Lead, zinc, and silver are often found with the spar. It is interesting to watch the various processes of "washing, screening, picking, crushing, jigging and grinding" by which the spar, lead, and silver are separated from each other and the calcite, in the top works at the larger mines. The spar is non-metallic. Its colors of varying shades of blue, green, purple, yellow and white depend upon the degree of purity. The transparent type is the purest.

Visitors to the spar mines find that the miners have carved samples into regular crystal-like forms which they sell or give away.

Crystal with right-angle fractures are formed in some of the mines. The spar is soft when first mined. This permits it to be carved into the unnatural forms.

THE LOST STREAM

Indiana has her lost river. So has southern Illinois, except it is not a river. It is a small wet-weather stream that loses itself as completely and in the same way as the Lost River of Indiana.

Follow Route 34 from Harrisburg 24 miles to the Y which is where the road forks. The right branch leads to Golconda and the left to Rosiclare and Elizabethtown. Stop here at the filling station and refreshment stand and look around. Look about you for some depressions close to the station. They are sinkholes. They would be little ponds if they held water. In fact, none of the rain that falls on the fields in sight from the Y actually runs away very far in a surface stream. It goes into sinks. The region is underlaid with limestone which certainly must be honey-combed with caverns caused by the slow dissolving of the limestone by underground waters.

Look for larger sinks on either side of the road a few hundred yards to the east on the Elizabethtown road, or back of the barn which stands to the south of the Y, or east from the first part of the narrow road which leads south toward Shetlerville.

Let us go a few hundred feet southwest on the Golconda road to a concrete culvert bridging a small stream bed which drains the fields to the north. During rains, this stream carries quite a volume of water. Walk south along the stream bed into the woods for less than a hundred feet. Suddenly the stream goes into a basin and out at the bottom with a speed that makes one hold his breath. All the surrounding territory drains into this hole. In dry times, only the stream bed and the hole are to be seen.

Now go back to the Y and south on the Shetlerville road about an eighth of a mile. Then cross the pasture on foot to the woods to the east. You pass a number of sinkholes, great funnel-shaped depressions, into which the water goes and disappears when it rains.

Continue on east through the woods to a bluff. At its foot there is a large, ever-flowing, clear-water spring. There is much evidence that this spring discharges the water from the lost stream and other sinks. There must be a large settling basin or filtering system underground, for the water which goes in is often muddy while that which comes out is clear.

If the stream which this spring feeds is followed about 600 feet to the southeast, it disappears into a bluff at the northwest corner of an extensive wooded ridge. It is extremely rough going over this ridge to where the stream comes out, more than a quarter of a mile to the southeast, from a cavern which opens out large enough to be entered a short distance. An easier way to get to the opening is to go back to Route 34, go east to the railroad track, and follow south about a half mile, along the west side of the track to the cavern.

SHETLERVILLE

Shetlerville is another historic place which was once a thriving village with as many as fifty houses, stores, a railway station, and a boat landing. There are now only a few houses, one of which stocks a few groceries. The starting point to find Shetlerville is from the "Y" where Route 34 from Harrisburg forks to go east to Rosiclare and Elizabethtown or west to Golconda. The way to Shetlerville is two miles directly south from the "Y." The road is partly maintained by the company which operates the limestone quarry near the river. There was an older quarry operated for many years at the foot of the bluff below the village. It is now abandoned. The newer quarry is about an eighth of a mile northeast of the old one on the railroad which is below the bluffs all the way from Golconda to Rosiclare. The road from the "Y" turns west where the Ohio River first comes into view from the high hill which overlooks it. A steep, narrow, winding roadway leads off to the left about one eighth of a mile north from this viewpoint. It is a private road, privately maintained by the company, and is safe to travel. One should note the approach of the incoming and outgoing trucks of crushed limestone in time to pull off to the wider passing stations made for this purpose. The powerful crushers reduce the blocks of quarried stone to all grades from agricultural limestone of high quality to "chat" for driveways, rock for cement roadbeds, and aggregate for building purposes. The quality of the stone is higher than that at the old quarry.

The road running west from the first view of the river descends to a precipitous valley which, where the road crosses, is still high above the river. A private road is seen up the high hill to the left as one descends the slope down to the head of the valley. The house at the top of the hill is quite old. It is near the edge of the bluff above the old limestone quarry. Fossils are found in the limestone exposures to the left of the road near the entrance to the private road. This valley is related to a geological fault which separates the limestone bluff on its east from the sandstone bluff on the west. The original town occupied the valley and the slopes on both sides. A road down the west side of the rocky stream bed leads to the old quarry and the now abandoned boxcar railway station and boat landing. Mule teams can pull up this road but the visitor should leave his car and walk down. The rise from the valley to the west bluff is steep but short and really not difficult to climb with a car. This road continues to Golconda. It was formerly a mail route which was hilly but scenic especially when it came near the river. There is a high bridge across Grand Pierre Creek about a mile and a half west of Shetlerville.

The level space at the top of the bluff seems to be the only part of the town that was laid off into streets and lots. The early structures nestled wherever there was a good spot along the valley sides. Three or four houses occupy the east side of the only street which is open. This street extends into the Matheney farm where extensive orchards were maintained. If fences were removed, the street would lead directly to Lover's Leap and to the lower end of the bluff where no lover is remembered to have leaped. Here and along the bluff for three eighths of a mile west the view across the river is very fine. Steps lead down to a rocky

valley and a cane brake from which emerges the railroad track which is above high water mark most of the way under the bluff. The way back on the tracks to the quarry at Shetlerville is enjoyable, for the vine clad sandstone bluff is very high and much of it is vertical. The houses above the bluff at Shetlerville are said to be 200 feet above the river. The climb back up the old road to the dwelling at the top should be taken slowly both on account of the ever-changing view points and the danger of becoming too tired.

The pilot lights are electrically controlled. They are serviced at intervals by a maintenance man who comes in a boat. A lady formerly made the trips daily down and up the bluff and to the west end of the bluff where the government man now comes up the above mentioned steps.

Rosiclare is seen right up the river from the Matheney house. River boats with their tow of barges can be seen for long distances both up and down. Golconda is out of sight behind its own bluffs. Boats coming down from Rosiclare disappear behind a bend on the Kentucky side. Carrsville, Kentucky, is hidden behind this bend. Among my most pleasant memories are those of the times when I have broiled beefsteak on a forked stick and remained with my family by campfire while the moon came up on the river and the pilot light blinked in the distance.

The channel is close into the north bluff so that the boats come in close. It is sometimes necessary to peer down over the bluff's edge to see them. Up river from the bluff the current swings to the Kentucky side. Much low rich farmland has been added to the Illinois side here in the memory of people now living. The two quarry sites are now much farther inland than they were formerly.

Quarrying of sandstone was carried on extensively at one time. Much of it was used in paving the water front at Memphis. The late Fred Shetler told me of his boyhood when potatoes were grown on the then recently cleared level land on the bluffs. His home was about a half mile west of Shetlerville. They would dig potatoes in the afternoon. Very early in the morning, they would drive down to the boat landing and then have to wait for hours because other wagons were unloading ahead of them.

The plat of streets and lots on the bluff was evidently made about the time of the town's hey-day. The man who operated the sandstone quarry and laid out the addition had begun a large building. The excavation still remains. He was murdered one day after working hours. Then, the improvement and quarrying stopped. Railroads to the Ohio took away the river trade. There was then little market for farm products, so the town fell into decay.

The road from Golconda was under reconstruction with W.P.A. labor and was completed a good part of the way to Shetlerville. It should be finished. It deviated from the old road in places. Repairs on the unbuilt part ceased when the changes were begun.

GOLCONDA

Golconda, thirty-four miles from Harrisburg at the southern terminus of Route 34 and at the eastern end of Route 146, is the most beautifully situated of the Ohio River cities in Illinois. High hills overlook the little city in the valley of Lusk Creek. The south hill, upon which part of the town is located, is nearly 100 feet above Lusk Creek. The Rauchfuss Hill on the north is about 100 feet higher.

Major Lusk, a Scotchman, so the story goes, was the successful one of the two suitors of Sara, the daughter of a Virginia senator. He took up a tract of land at the mouth of Lusk Creek in 1798. He died not long after and Sara continued to carry on in true pioneer fashion. In 1800 she established and ran the first ferry, often defending passengers and goods from Indians and robbers, with her rifle. She was a born leader. A monument with a bronze tablet testifying to her valor stands in the north part of the courthouse yard.

Sara later married the other suitor, named Hamlet Ferguson, who patented much of the land in and around Golconda.

On January 10, 1816, Pope County was organized by Gov. W. H. Harrison of Indiana Territory and the town was surveyed and named Sarahsville in the same year. It was afterwards changed to Golconda which is more suggestive of great wealth but much less full of meaning from a historical standpoint. In 1836, the village had a grocery, two taverns and about twenty houses, with a population of about a hundred.



Up River from Craig Home, Golconda

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The first settlers were mostly from the rural districts of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and the Carolinas. They were people of aristocratic tastes and high intelligence. Their influence brought others of the same type. They brought their race horses and engaged in the sports and social activities of the more settled eastern states.

It was a true pioneer life that they lived. It is related that John Crawford, an Irishman who had settled in 1803 in Kentucky, three miles up the river, moved to the mouth of Grand Pierre Creek in 1808, where he took up land. His two boys, while driving the cows home from the woods, found a strange animal disturbing the hogs. The father wounded the animal, a nine-foot panther, with one bullet from his rifle. He held the struggling beast by its hind legs while the dogs attacked and the two boys used stones and clubs in killing it after a desperate struggle in which one of the dogs suffered severe punishment.

The Presbyterian Church, at the turn of Route 146, was erected in 1869. It houses the oldest existing Presbyterian organization in the state. It is quite modern in that the lower story is a Sunday school room which is also used as a dining hall when occasion requires.

This church was founded in 1819 by Nathaniel B. Derrow, a missionary from Connecticut, with sixteen members. An earlier church had been organized at Sharon, near Carmi, but it no longer exists. Benjamin F. Spilman, son of two of the founders, received a college education and preached his first sermon here in 1823. He lived there as pastor for nine years and was pastor for twenty-two years. He died at Shawneetown in 1859, having served most of the Presbyterian churches of this part of the state, riding on horseback from church to church. It was fifty miles from Sharon in White County to Golconda. He is said to have ridden horseback 3,688 miles in one year.

Riverview Park, overlooking the government dam from the south hill, is just back of some of the fine old brick residences which may be seen from the main part of town. It is a good climb up the stone or concrete steps which some of the residents use daily. The road is steep, but a car climbs it without difficulty. There is a wonderful view up and down river. The park is open to the public for fish fries and basket dinners but not for campers.

The Rauchfuss Hill across the valley to the north is named for a German who came there after the Civil War. He is said to have made his money importing quinine and fine laces. The old Rauchfuss house, which burned a few years ago, had an observatory on top from which a most wonderful view of the river was had. It was built to imitate a castle on the Rhine. The story is told that Rauchfuss imported with the laces a wedding veil for each of his daughters, to be kept for their marriage. One daughter drowned by falling through the ice on Lusk Creek. She was buried in the veil intended for her wedding.

One of the numerous government dams on the Ohio is just below Golconda. It is of much interest. It and the whole dam system on the river are described under the title, "Ohio River Dams."

A levee built since the 1937 flood, protects the city from high waters but obscures the view of the Ohio. It is worth while to drive onto the levee and then down river a short distance to the locks at the Illinois end of the dam. This is one of the best places to see passage of a boat through a lock. The river view across the city below, with the Rauchfuss Hill and the far stretch of the Ohio beyond, with the Kentucky hills in the distance, is ample reward for the steep but not difficult drive to the residential part of the town upon the south hill.

DIXON SPRINGS

Dixon Springs, on Route 146 ten miles west of Golconda, has long been known as a pleasure resort. Tradition has it that this was a meeting place of the Indians considered as neutral ground where no battles should occur. Many Indian relics have been found in the vicinity yet there is no record of any conflicts.

It is said that there is an old map in Ontario which locates a "Sulphur Springs" at this place. Dixon Springs was on the old French trail from Fort Massac to Kaskaskia, which came so far east to avoid the swampy region farther west. The small stream which flows by Dixon Springs opens out into a broader valley a half mile south of the Springs. It was up this valley that the old trail came. The canon below the present concrete highway bridge is too rocky for a road so the hill was climbed on the west side of the canon. The old road may be seen near the west end of the bridge. It descended where the rocky road now leads down to the Springs, crossed the stream west of the swimming pool, and continued north, recrossing the stream about where there is a concrete ford near the upper end of the park. Here the trail ascends the hill to the northwest. A branch turns northward. The unused roadways can be clearly seen.

The first owner of the 160 acres upon which the park is located was William Dixon. It was school land before he bought it. C. B. Wheeler, whose attractive home lay across from the hotel, added a thousand acres adjoining the Springs lying mostly north of the park and the original Dixon purchase. The state of Illinois is planning to take over the property and continue the popularity which the Springs have had for so long a time. No doubt improvements will be made that will still further enhance the natural charm of the place. Time was when all the available accommodations were used by people who came to stay for week-ends or for weeks at a time.

In addition to the home and the hotel with its connected dance hall, there is an annex available as extra sleeping quarters. This has been often used by various organizations which contract for a stay of several days or weeks. Boy Scouts and young people's gatherings of many kinds come

in small and large groups and camp or rent quarters. There is a general store of the old time country type, a blacksmith shop which is almost a novelty in these days but a necessity in this hilly country, a restaurant, gas stations, a mill, and a large swimming pool. All these are on the Wheeler property. A Mr. Dixon, a direct descendant of the original owner, was caretaker.

There are nine principal springs within the park. They are of varying mineral content. They are walled up with concrete and protected with shelters. Number seven spring is of remarkable purity. The water from it tastes like water does back home, if not better. Some of the others are different, relished by some and not by others. The only way is to taste them all and then decide which to use. Many people use the water from certain of these springs as remedies for various bodily ailments.

The springs are situated near the valley stream which is fed by them. They are scattered among grand old forest trees among which are the beech and the tulip tree or yellow poplar both of which are becoming rare in southern Illinois. Great rocks are scattered about prone upon the ground among the trees or partly overturned near the cliffs. Cave-like recesses under the cliffs are dry and cool.

A narrow place in the upper valley was dammed with a concrete wall a number of years ago to make a swimming pool. It filled with mud which washed down from the hills. Some visitors are at a loss to know what the concrete wall is there for. It is a favorite place to climb about and is about the upper limit for the tenderfoot.

The great highway bridge spanning the valley below the park is said to be the finest and most beautiful in the state. It is 350 feet between the abutments. The arch is 75 feet above the stream bed. It cost as much as the average court house or high school building in southern Illinois county seat towns.

A path leads downstream under the bridge. The open valley soon narrows to a canon abounding in huge rocks tumbled about among the trees. The paths are winding and lead to interesting caves and cliffs. Just where the going gets the roughest, some iron rods projecting from the rocks mark the site of an ancient water mill used eighty or more years ago. There was a store down the valley below.

There has been a nominal fee for parking cars within the park. Those on foot enter free to explore, picnic, or otherwise enjoy themselves. The project has been financed through the swimming pool fees, restaurant, hotel, etc. The park recently came under state control.

There are three churches (Methodist, Baptist and Church of God) all grouped on the hill east of the park. There are services on Sundays alternating between the churches, none of which has a pastor every Sunday. It is unfortunate that they cannot be united and combine their efforts into one stronger church.

There is a state aid road gravelled all of the way to Glendale. From Glendale there is gravel all the way to Route 45 by way of Simpson. There

is also a good road to Eddyville. The Eddyville road to Harrisburg is in process of reconstruction although the older gravel highway has already made easy what was once a difficult journey

THE EDDYVILLE ROAD

This story is not for the autoist who never leaves the paved road and who prefers to drive many times about the public square in preference to a wonderful drive over wooded hills and down into deep valleys. Near Herod, Golconda, Dixon Springs, Ozark, Buncombe, Cobden and Alto Pass there are vistas of hill and valley that can scarcely be equalled in real mountain countries. These in all their grandeur do not give the intimate, near-up view of Nature that is afforded by the cross-country roads of the Illinois Ozarks such as the old Mitchellsville Eddyville-Golconda route which was the chief southern outlet from Harrisburg a generation ago.

There was the Winkleman Hill—rocky, steep, bumpy, and long. To-day, it is no shorter but seems so because the rocks have been graded down and the twists made straight. The first of this old road starting a little south of Mitchellsville from Route 34 is well gravelled. Beyond that it is better not to go if the roads are muddy. Beyond Eddyville, there is a still better road to Golconda which joins Route 34 some distance north of the town. The Eddyville road has been made a state aid road. It will soon be a good way to go not only for the scenery but because it will be a good all weather highway. It is to be hoped that the charm of the old road described below will not be lost in building the new.

There are few bridges on the Eddyville road though there are numerous stream beds to cross. The fords are rock bottomed. They carry a flood of water after a hard rain but are only trickling streams a few hours after. On account of the springs that feed them, some never get entirely dry. There is always something to delight the eye at these fording places. It may be pools of clear water or a glimpse up stream where rocks lie in fantastic shapes as the water has worn them or cast them aside with the force of a flood.

The variety of trees and shrubs is great. They line the roadway on either side. They are close up and appear friendly. It is not necessary to climb and sweat to see them. They reach their arms out to greet you or to shade you as you pass under. The monotony of mile on mile of paved road is here exchanged for endless variety. There are open hill tops from which other still higher hills across the valleys reach up in every direction. Williams Hill is the highest of all and in view from many situations. Then, the road closes in among the trees in a valley only to open out at the next hill top where level farm land occupies the ridge between valleys.

The last view of open country is from Delwood, now not much more than a filling station, high up in the northern edge of the Ozarks, something like sixteen miles directly south from Harrisburg. The lights of Harrisburg are seen at night from here. Saline County lies spread out to the north beyond the valley of the Saline River. A few houses mark the site of a once slightly more prosperous, country community.

Dwellings along the way are interesting. There may be a small log house sheltered in a valley by hills and tall trees. Another may be perched on a hillside with a real rock garden made from the abundant material at hand, but artistic and natural. This road could supply rock garden rocks to suit every whim for they are abundant nearly all the way from near Mitchellsville to far beyond Eddyville.

Paling fences sometimes of newly-split materials enclose rich garden spots. Hollyhocks and other showy cultivated flowering plants of summer are clustered along the front fences or in beds with their less conspicuous sisters. Mrs. Farmer, on a farm a few miles north of Eddyville, cultivated 200 varieties of gorgeous dahlias which were the envy of the women at the Harrisburg flower show. She started with a few varieties which she increased in number, till she had an extensive business, growing flowers and tubers for sale. Others along the road in all directions from Eddyville seem to have caught the spirit. Dahlias blossom at many farm houses in all directions from Eddyville and especially in some of the yards in the town. Mrs. Farmer now grows dahlias on a much smaller scale at the north limits of Eddyville.

There are some small orchards on the hill tops where the soil and air drainage are excellent for tree fruits. Distance from market and the condition of the roads have prevented the growth of the fruit industry.

This road is seen at its best either in early spring when the wild spring flowers are out with the blossoming red bud, dogwood, sassafras, haws, and other flowering shrubs and trees, or in October when the hickories, gums, sumac, dogwood, poison ivy, and sassafras present a riot of colored leaves. This latter effect is best following a dry autumn when the cooling atmosphere and scarcity of moisture cause chemical changes in the leaves which account for the bright colors.

Eddyville is at least eighty-five years old. It was named after a man whose first name was Eddy. It is said that the post office was called Book at first. There are, or have been recently, several business houses, including a general store, restaurant, barber shops, undertaking establishment, garage, and bank. The old mill north of town no longer operates. The machinery has been moved away. Water mills once operated at the creeks east and west of town. A limestone cave is south of the town. The Indian Kitchen is northeast on Lusk Creek.

If one wishes to see more of the hill country without taking the southeast road to Golconda he may go to Glendale seven miles away over the good road, and from there to either Dixon Springs or Simpson on the gravel. A branch of the Glendale road leading directly south instead of southwest and extending on to Waltersburg on Route 146 is very scenic.

Most of the territory along the Eddyville Road should go back into forest. The residents are promised a paved road from Dixon Springs to Mitchellsville. They need it, but its coming will do away with some of the native charm which the old one possessed

ROBBSVILLE

We read of western towns that grew up in a night when gold or oil was discovered. But who ever heard of a town growing up all at once on ordinary farm land in Illinois? Much less would we expect this to happen during years of financial depression when small towns languish instead of coming to life. And who would look for such to happen in the midst of the Southern Illinois Ozarks?

One afternoon when the depression had about reached its depths, I followed the Stonefort-McCormick-Jackson's Hollow Glendale road toward Dixon Springs. At Glendale, they told me that Simpson lay directly west about five miles and that the gravel road was good as was also the one south to Dixon Springs. I took Horace Greeley's advice and went west.

Glendale is at the eastern end of an east and west valley spread out between two of the parallel ridges of the Ozarks. The Edgewood cutoff of the Illinois Central Railroad crosses this valley from north to south about two miles west of Glendale and passes, by long tunnels, through both the north and the south range of hills.

The hill ranges and the farms in the valley kept me thinking of their beauty and the appropriateness of the name, Glendale, so that I paid little attention to what was ahead. Suddenly, I found myself on a bridge across a man-made chasm which proved to be a railroad cut through the ridge which the highway surmounted. Away down to the north a lone box-car at the siding appeared to serve for a railway station. It was down there where the ground is lower and the cut is not so deep so that it is possible to get to the siding as it would not be where the cut is so very deep at the bridge. As I came upon this crossing so suddenly, I was reminded of the deep narrow canyons in the Canyon Diablo region in Arizona where the plateau is so level that the canyons are not seen till the Santa Fe train goes roaring over the bridges that span them.

Looking ahead, I found that I was entering the broad, gravel street of a town. What was more astonishing, was that there was but one old building there; and it was on the farm before the town was built. At the restaurant, they said I was in Robbsville. My map showed no place by that name so I came on home, wondering what was wrong with the map makers. Then I questioned whether I had been to such a town or had dreamed it. I found a friend who had also been there. His mind appeared normal in all other matters, so I concluded that the map makers were the ones who were at fault or had not kept up with progress in those times of depression.

At the second visit, in the 1933 year of recovery, I learned that A. L. Robbs, the owner of the town site and of lands surrounding it, had built and mostly completed the stores, shops, and dwellings three years ago. He had been a contractor on the work of building the railroad, and had extensive interests at Simpson and elsewhere besides being engaged in various construction contracts. His home was one of the several which are on the south side of the one street of the village. All the houses were occupied and there were three families in one house and two in another. This is not the normal condition because a crew of men who were cementing the tunnel to the south accounted for the unusual population. The south end of this long tunnel is but a very few miles north of Robbsville and the north end of the south tunnel is about as far south.

There is a brick high school building with a commodious gymnasium. A three-year high school was maintained. Young people from as far as Eddyville attended. It is said that Mr. Robbs advanced several thousand dollars to complete the school building when the bond issue was inadequate. The school is the only building in the town that is not on the one wide street.

Nearer the railroad on the north side of the street is the two-story auto sales room and office and garage. The street is on a ridge such that the office is entered from the street and cars are run directly into this upper story from the front. Cars may also enter the garage from the ground level of the lower story from the rear.

The large general store has the same arrangement. Goods can be unloaded from trucks directly from the street in front or directly into the basement at the rear. Only car load lots can be received or shipped from the "depot" since the traffic on this branch railroad line is confined to through freight only.

Among the business enterprises was a restaurant, barber shop, blacksmith shop, undertaking establishment, and a mill. All of these were in operation except the undertaking rooms. I did not learn why the undertaker quit and was not told of any doctor living there, all of which would indicate that it is a healthy place to live. All other enterprises that started when the town was open for business continued. A post office shortened to Robbs, had been established very recently. The new mill with a capacity of seventy-five barrels a day was just getting started. Mr. Robbs owned all of auto sales and garage, general store, and mill. The buildings are electrically lighted. There is a sewer system. Whether the lighting system is municipally owned, I did not learn.

The Dixon Springs-Glendale-Robbsville-Simpson-Tunnel Hill road is good and can be traveled at all seasons.

DIXON SPRINGS EXPERIMENTAL STATION

Dixon Springs Experimental Station, consisting of more than 5,000 acres of typical Ozark upland which was once forested, cleared, and then reduced to a state of low fertility, gets its name from Dixon Springs Park which is located south of it. The Experimental Station is fifteen miles east of Vienna, twenty miles northwest of Golconda, twenty five miles north of Metropolis, and thirty-five miles southwest of Harrisburg. The post office is Robbs, Illinois. The project is ten years old.

The United States Forestry Service owns the land. The University of Illinois controls the experimental work. The Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture cooperates in the studies of soil and water conservation.

Necessary homes and building for experimental work are conveniently located. The stranger should inquire at the experimental and office building which is prominently located on the highway which passes through the area between Robbs and Dixon Springs Park.

A variety of very practical land use studies is carried on. They include pastures, livestock, turkey raising, water supplies, the use of live stock shelters, and erosion control.

A lake, with facilities for bathing, picnic ovens and shelter, and picnic grounds with spring water, are available for all.

THE INDIAN LADDER

Time when Indians held undisputed sway in southern Illinois seems far in the forgotten past. Yet, old men have told me of seeing an occasional Red Man wandering back to revisit his own hunting ground. These men are all gone and almost forgotten. They have left no records except their stone walled graves, a few mounds, some pottery mostly broken, and a multitude of stone weapons and tools. We have no Indian names save DuQuoin, Wetaug, and Shawneetown. Other parts of Illinois where the Red Men were not so numerous are replete with names such as Watseka, Oconee, Nokomis, Owaneco, Pontiac, Tiskilwa, Winnebago, Mo-weaqua, Kankakee, and Peoria.

We are without Indian traditions. There is little to stir the imagination of youth with tales of Indian adventure or romance. History, not tradition, records the last battle of the Shawnees with their foes to the west. A monument out of the west edge of West Frankfort marks the place of their defeat of Chief DuQuoin and his warriors.

The Indian Ladder, still in position near Clarida Springs in Pope county, bears a legend worth reciting. The tale is not long or thrilling. It is merely the story of human necessity and invention.

A sandstone bluff which men today do not conveniently scale for a distance of a half mile, encloses the upper end of a narrow two-mile valley of Clarida Branch whose beginning is the Clarida Spring under this

bluff. The rocks overhang in some places sufficiently to shelter livestock or the camper. The spring water is cold and abundant. Cedars top the bluff. The Mushroom Rock and the Balanced Rock are worth tramping down the valley to see. An old barbecue pit by the tulip trees remind us that this is a good place to assemble.

It was a good place for the Indians to meet. I can imagine game being chased up the valley while red skinned hunters lay in wait with bow and arrow near the one wide exit toward the Sand Cave. I see the squaws and papooses waiting by the spring under the bluff while the hunters ranged the surrounding hills for game. But, it was inconvenient to go to either end of the bluff to reach the higher ground above. I, myself, have found it so and have used the ladder to climb up for camp supplies from the farm house above.

The ladder is a small cedar log with stubs of side limbs well worn and rounded. One end rests on a great mass of rock which has tumbled from above. The other reaches to the top of the rock wall which is lower here than elsewhere. The story is that the log was there when the white man came. Old men say that the story came to them as boys from their grandfathers and that it was never disputed.

Yes. How do we get there? It is best to find your way as you go. The Cedar Bluff school is near. You can go west three miles from Eddyville or come east from McCormick. The dirt roads are fairly good in dry weather. Inquire for the Marion Shufflebarger farm and then for the old Merida Mealer home which is on the bluff a short distance back from the ladder.



Indian Ladder and W. V. Rathbone

ROUND ABOUT McCORMICK

McCormick is a rural village somewhat scattered about on the very top of the Illinois Ozarks. It is little more than six miles from either Stonefort or Ozark which are on Route 45. At one time, McCormick was on the main east and west route along the Ozark ridge and is yet for those who travel that way.

Within a radius of four miles from McCormick there are enough attractive spots to make it worth while to camp at one of them and spend a week exploring the others. There is the Old Stone Fort on the Little Saline river four miles away in the line toward Harrisburg. Lay Falls, a scout camp, is in the opposite direction.

There is Burden Falls near the head of Burden Creek where the water drops seventy feet into a rock walled chasm. This is three miles northeast of McCormick on the road toward Delwood. The Fall is down in a field north of the road. The road runs just above the falls. There was once a village there. No trace of it is left. An outcrop of sandstone in layers of material suitable for whetstones is exposed east of where the water goes down. No water goes over in dry times, only a little in ordinary times, and a flood when it rains. Burden creek and its west fork, Ogden Branch, drain an exceedingly rough and rocky area.

The Illinois Central railroad tunnel passes under the one main street of McCormick. The tunnel is two miles long.

The south end of the tunnel is in Jackson's Hollow. Before the railroad and tunnel were built, a great naturalist who had been in many states and counties said this valley was the most beautiful place in Illinois. The high rock fill extending down the valley of Little Bay creek spoiled much of that side of the Hollow. The long branch hollow coming down from the west was almost undisturbed. When the tunnel was started, I wrote to President Harriman of the Illinois Central asking that the beauty of the place be not disturbed wherever possible. He answered that he would see that it was not. When all was done, even though there had been workmen's cabins and machinery, tin cans, and all sorts of debris, nothing was left to mar the area outside of the right-of-way, or to indicate that a busy camp had been there. The chief beauty of the Hollow is its fine beech trees which were not disturbed. The clear pools of water and tumbled rocks are other attractions along the little stream. It is so walled in by high cliffs that campers down in the Hollow are unable to tell much about an approaching thunderstorm at night. Lightning flashes and thunder from over the rim are so modified down in the depths that their direction cannot be readily determined.

The best entrance is away up at the west end of the west branch where the car must be parked on a glade of bare rocks by the roadside. This glade is on the east side of the road a mile and a half south of the Zion church and cemetery which in turn are more than two miles from McCormick on the road to Ozark. A dim roadway no longer used may be followed down into the Hollow which begins a short distance from



Mushroom Rock—Clarida Branch



Clarida Spring



Sand Cave



Belle Smith Spring



Pope County Natural Bridge



Fort Massac When First Improved

(Dr. W. S. Swan Photo)



Fort Massac Again

the road. The old road down the Hollow is only a good foot path for the mile to the railroad. It is cool down there in the shade. The shifting scene is delightful to the eye. The fine spring where the branch hollow ended is covered by the railroad. Part of the north and south hollow is outside the railroad right of way to the west. The famous dripping rock, as large as a three story business building, stands poised away from the cliff. Water drips continually from a projecting portion near the top. The walking fern, which is very rare, is found in the hollow.

Belle Smith Spring is another attraction. It is near the mouth of Hunting Branch which I once descended for two miles behind a mule team. Once, I went down through abandoned fields in a truck. At other times, I have come down Spring Branch (or Clarida Branch) from Clarida Spring two miles on foot past the Mushroom rock and the Balanced rock, the like of which people go to the Garden of the Gods in Colorado to see. Belle Smith is an everlasting spring of good water. The canon like valley is especially alluring along Bay Creek between where Hunting Branch and Clarida Branch enter it. The great Natural Bridge is up against the cliff near where Clarida Branch enters the Bay. Its span is 150 feet. It is twenty-five feet from the rocks below up to the middle of the arch. Two cars could cross side by side if there was an approach for them. The climb up to the top is steep.

Over the ridge at the head of Clarida Branch a third of a mile west of Clarida spring and the Indian Ladder, the great Sand Cave is found in a cliff that faces the valley of Bay Creek which is much wider here than it is a mile below. The Sand cave is a great dome shaped cavern 150 feet in diameter which widens out from an entrance into the sandstone cliff. Many cliffs are deeply undercut in this vicinity but none are like this cave. Herds of cattle keep cool in here in summer and warm in winter. The clay floor is pitted where the credulous have dug for treasure. The Cedar Grove Church and School are not far away.

This section about Bay creek may also be reached from Eddyville. The roads are so twisted in this region about Belle Smith and Clarida springs that it is better to know the general direction of the destination and then make inquiry locally.

METROPOLIS

Metropolis, near the southern end of Route 45 in Illinois is a beautiful city, high and dry above the Ohio river. The city was laid off in 1839. It is therefore the youngest county seat along the Ohio and the largest excepting Cairo. Lying twelve miles below Paducah and not far below the outlets of the Wabash, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers, it soon became a commercial center of importance. It was the natural stopping place for the many great rafts of valuable logs that were cut along these rivers and brought down with the spring floods to be manufactured into ordinary lumber, staves, spokes, buggy bows, porch columns, plow handles, veneer to be made into boxes and baskets and ply wood, and many other things made of wood. Near the early nineties, the river front from the Fort at the east to beyond the present site of the railway bridge approach was lined with factories engaged in such manufactures.

Wages were never high but everyone had a job. Metropolis was the most prosperous city in southern Illinois for several counties away. Its educational system was outstanding among other southern Illinois cities. Its social life was animated and distinctive. Many German families of a high type were among its early citizens. They came by way of the river from Cincinnati and the region above. The town was distinctly southern in its way of thinking, with the element of the sturdy thrift of the easterner from up river. Business was good. There was prosperity and contentment. There was no railroad till near the end of this era of rapid growth.

The river was the highway and the source of wealth. Steamboats and great rafts and barges of coal from Pittsburgh made life in the river city less monotonous than it was in the interior towns back where the train came in but twice a day. A boat from Paducah made the round trip to Cairo each day. Another made the round trip to Paducah daily. There were through boats to Cincinnati, New Orleans and St. Louis. The long-drawn-out moan of the low pitched steamboat whistle coming at regular intervals from the boats that ran on schedule, and more frequently from the transient ones, was an hourly reminder that things were happening in the outside world.

There was much hospitality and going. Parties of ladies and men bent on shopping took the boat trip to Cincinnati. They shopped in daytime and went to the theatre at night. The time on the boat was spent leisurely but there was much sociability. The meals were sumptuous, the scenery was fine, and life on the boat was one round of pleasure.

About 1890, after the railroads had come and made the river less important, the logging industry began to grow less because the best timber had been cut. The boats became fewer in number and carried less freight and still fewer passengers. Things were speeding up. Trains and express were faster than boats. By 1900, industry in the city on the river had changed. A number of the steam boats still lingered. The Fowler, the Hopkins, the Peters Lee and the Cowling are names of boats of that later day that are remembered. They are all gone. The railroad took the freight right by the city without leaving toll. Now the truck has stolen the profit from the railroad. The great railway bridge, when building, was at that time classed with the fifteen greatest engineering enterprises under construction. The people of Metropolis lost a fine opportunity in not organizing to have the bridge made for auto traffic at comparatively little additional cost, just about the time that automobiles and hard roads were making such a passage desirable.

Metropolis is beautiful and clean and friendly. Her industries have adapted themselves to the changed conditions. She does not boom, neither does she become greatly depressed. She is on one of the main routes to the South. There is a hard road to Brookport and across the bridge to Paducah, by way of Route 45.



Erosion—Massac County—1940

On Route 45—Such Erosion is in a Very Limited Area in This County.

OLD FORT MASSAC

Fort Massac lies at the extreme east limits of Metropolis. It is a beautiful state park with unimproved land and a tourist camp beyond the site of the fort itself. Its early history is obscure but it was undoubtedly built by the French. One tradition is that the garrison or part of it was enticed across the river by what appeared to be several bears coming down to the water on the opposite side to drink. They were really Indians covered with bear skins and when the soldiers got to the other shore in pursuit they were massacred, hence the name.

Speaking of the establishment of the fort, Smith in his History of Southern Illinois, says: "It seems to have been there or was located there during the French and Indian War, which lasted from 1754 to 1763. One date for the fort's origin is 1759. When the retreating French who had been driven from Ft. Duquesne arrived at this point, they halted, and if the Old Fort was there, they occupied it, and if there was none, they may have built one. At least, in a description of the forts surrendered to the British by the French in 1763, one clause is as follows: 'Thirteen leagues from the Mississippi, on the left bank (right bank) of the Ohio, is Fort Massac, or Assumption, built in 1757 or 1758, a little below the mouth of the Cherokee'." In 1776, Capt. Harry Gordon, chief engineer of the western department, visited the Old Fort and says: "Halted at Fort Massac, formerly a French fort."

Smith further relates that in 1778 General George Rogers Clark arrived at Fort Massac on his famous trip to Kaskaskia. Clark left no description of the fort. In 1804, Aaron Burr stopped there four days in June visiting General Wilkinson who was there with forty United States troops.

Before the fort was bought by the state of Illinois, the grounds were so overgrown with underbrush that the dirt ramparts and the corners where the blockhouses stood could be traced only with difficulty. The river was cutting into the bluff and threatening to destroy the site of the fort. Lead bullets and other relics indicative of the use of the place as a fort were collected as late as 1900 and after. At about this date, a box-like drain projected from the bank several feet down. It was of oak and evidently ran from a cesspool within the fort and was intended to serve in time of siege. At that time there were old citizens who remembered when there were remains of the blockhouse which stood at the southwest corner of the fortress.

Since the place became a public park, a monument has been erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution. This has been rebuilt and made more substantial and imposing. The underbrush is cleared away, old cannon have been placed at the four corners of the ramparts where the blockhouses evidently stood, city water and sewer systems have been installed, a driveway has been made, a home for the caretaker has been built, and a pavilion affording shelter and conveniences for public gatherings has been built. The pavilion is within the space which may have been cleared and used for a drill and parade ground. A concrete sea wall has stopped the encroachment of the river.

A fine view of the Ohio is had both up and down. Paducah is in the distance up stream. The bridge at Brookport is nearer, and the government dam is nearer than the bridge. Looking down stream, the great railroad bridge, the only one between Cairo and Evansville, is in view. Over it and the free highway bridge at Brookport passes an immense amount of through and local traffic.

Fort Massac is the only historic point in the extreme southern part of Illinois that is so well-marked and so attractive. There is no better place to mingle the joys of picnicking and camping and sightseeing with the history and traditions of the past than here under the shade trees at this historic old fortification. If the spirits of those who built and used it in the early days should walk and talk with the happy throngs who visit here, stories of ambitions and hopes and fears would unfold that would quicken the pulse and stir the imagination of the visitor. One should be in such an imaginative state of mind to thoroughly enjoy such scenes as this. The cannon which marked the four corners of the fort have been removed and an attempt to restore the early French setup has been made, using WPA labor.

OHIO RIVER DAMS

The Ohio river is now a navigable stream for all boats at all seasons except when there is ice, due to the series of locks and dams completed by the Federal Government. The dams were numbered from 1 to 54 in the original plan. The number is reduced by doing away with Dams 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 near Pittsburgh and substituting others, but fewer, ones. Dams 40, 42 and 54 have been eliminated. Dam 51 just below Golconda No. 50 near Fords Ferry, No. 52 near Brookport and 53 ten miles below Joppa are all on the Illinois border of the Ohio.

The Ohio is 981 miles from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Cairo. It drains 203,900 square miles. The lowest measured flow at Pittsburgh is 1,100 cubic feet per second and the highest flood discharge is 440,000 cubic feet per second. At Cairo, the estimated low water discharge is 27,500 cubic feet per second and the estimated maximum discharge is 1,500,000 cubic feet.

Formerly for about five months of the year the river was at low water stage so that large boats had trouble in navigating at such times. Floods at other seasons now cover the dams completely. Here are some of the high water marks: Pittsburgh 35.5 ft.; Parkersburg 58.9 ft.; Portsmouth 67.9 ft.; Cincinnati 71.1 ft.; Louisville 70 ft.; Paducah 54.3 ft.; Cairo 54.8 ft. These marks were raised in the flood of 1937.

The average fall per mile below Pittsburgh for 60 miles is over eleven inches. From Cincinnati down, it averages four inches per mile. There is a drop of 26 feet in two miles at Louisville, Ky. The old Louisville and Portland canal at this point was taken over by the government and enlarged as were a few of the dams and locks near Pittsburgh, begun in 1873. At a point 105 miles below Pittsburgh, the river narrows to 890 feet. It is 5,910 feet at the widest place eighteen miles above Cairo.

The physical features of the river account for the fact that in the original plan there were five dams in the first ten miles below Pittsburgh, while there is a distance of thirty-five miles between Dam 51 at Golconda and No. 52 at Brookport. The cost was also increasingly great down river. The dam at Golconda cost \$4,370,566.

The purpose of the dam is to raise the level of the water above it. The lock is to let boats in and out. If a boat is going down stream, the lock is filled through openings in the sides. The upper gates open and the boat enters. Then the water is let out, the lower gate opens and the boat proceeds at the lower level. The process is reversed if the boat is going up stream.

The "bear trap" out where the water is rushing over is to regulate the height of the water above. If the river is low and a boat should stick on a bar miles down the river, the water could be raised by increasing the flow so that the boat would be lifted off. All movements of the "bear trap", the gates of the lock, and the water in and out of the lock are caused by the pressure of the water of the river as motor power.

The Golconda dam is 2170 feet wide from the locks to the Kentucky bank. The lock is 110 feet wide and 600 feet long. Ten to eighteen men are required to operate the plant, depending on the season. The lock opens for any boat. Small ones such as a skiff must wait an hour if there is no other traffic during that time. About forty large boats passed through per month, and three times as many smaller crafts. At least four boats of the Mississippi Barge Line, the "Ohio," the "Indiana," the "Tennessee," and the "Louisiana" used the locks. Some boats picked up freight almost anywhere. Others took only barge load lots at important terminals. Some tows of coal, iron, etc., carry from 30,000 to 50,000 tons. The traffic was increased materially in 1932.

The value of the dams and locks was well demonstrated during World War II. They permitted cheap and safe transportation of war materials at a most critical time.

The government by thus maintaining a nine-foot channel for commerce for the entire length of the Ohio has at the same time really cut the river into about fifty lakes and brought about new conditions in river life. Opinions differ about the effect on life in the river. Commercial fishermen cannot so readily locate the big fish in the holes and channels as in the time of low water. It is the prevalent opinion that the number of game fish in the river and its tributaries is increasing to the advantage of the amateur fisherman.

FORTS AT SMITHLAND

One of the finest weekend drives out of Illinois is the round trip through Smithland, Kentucky, and returning through Shawneetown. That portion of Kentucky lying between the Ohio River and U. S. Route 60 which connects Morganfield with Paducah is almost a foreign country to those of us from Harrisburg, who frequently explore hills of the Illinois counties this side of the river. There are ferries at Cave in Rock, Elizabethtown and Golconda which are more or less used in getting across to Route 60. Not much of the country is seen from these roads. They tell us at Golconda that the roads on the other side of the river are so poor that we should not try to go across that way. Extensive spar mines are hidden somewhere across from Rosiclare. The coal fields about DeKoven are also out of the routes of travel. Better roads now lead to almost all the places of interest.

However, what cannot be gone through may be gone around, so we will take the well known National Trail beyond the promised land across the river. Several points of interest should be noted before considering the forts. The farming interests are varied and attractive. Tobacco fields are seen at intervals. There are unique dwellings and attractive settings for them. It must be remembered that the lands were not laid out in sections over there as in Illinois and fence lines do not run as in the corn belt. In and about Morganfield a great new agricultural interest

sprang up in the growing of Korean lespedeza, a legume which grows on sour land. Growers and dealers in and about Morganfield have prospered in times of depression on account of the great demand for seed, hundreds of thousands of pounds of which is distributed from there annually. Sturgis is in the West Kentucky coal region. Morganfield, Marion, Salem, Smithland, and Paducah are all county seat towns.

"County Court Day" in Kentucky is of interest. A certain day each month is set aside for court matters. It became a custom to combine court business with bartering on the streets. This custom was quite common a generation ago but has somewhat died out as a means of communication have been improved. On a typical "County Court Day" the roads to town are filled with caravans of mules, colts, cows, calves and goats being led to town. Crates containing pigs and calves may be seen in the same wagon bed or truck with household furniture, farm implements and everything else that might be used in a trade. I visited "Jockey Block" in Princeton recently and found the vacant space near the public square filled with traders, colored and white, with their wagons, old cars and livestock. There was much examining of teeth of horses and mules of uncertain age and much visiting, but little actual trading. It appeared that business was in the midst of a depression.

We have blazed the trail. Now let us get back to Paducah for the trip east. First we cross the Tennessee river whose sources are in the Cumberland Mountains of Virginia. This river is not much larger at Paducah than at Florence, Alabama, because its watershed is very narrow as it crosses western Tennessee and Kentucky. It is fed by mountain streams far from its mouth. The new Gilbertsville Dam is a half hour's drive up the Tennessee river.

The Cumberland River enters the Ohio fifteen miles above Paducah at Smithland which is on the south bank. The Cumberland and Tennessee are somewhat parallel across Kentucky and but a few miles apart. They almost come together a few miles above Paducah.

In 1779, James Robertson of Virginia, with 200 pioneer settlers, set out by way of the Boone Wilderness Road for the Cumberland Valley. His partner, Colonel John Donelson, set out from Ft. Patrick Henry for the same place with a company of men in boats. They were beset by Indians in the Tennessee rapids and some were killed. Donelson came on down to the Ohio and went up the Cumberland where he met Robertson and founded Nashville, Tennessee.

In September 1861, General Grant came from Cairo and to Paducah and displaced the small Confederate force there, placing General C. F. Smith in command. A few weeks after Smith fortified Smithland which is on the low ground in the angle between the two rivers. Cumberland Island is opposite the mouth of the Cumberland. High ridges overlook the town from the south. A fort was constructed on the ridge top overlooking the mouth of the Cumberland. Another on a ridge top farther southwest commanded the Ohio and the island. If the hillsides were cleared of timber, the two forts controlled navigation which was important at such

times as the capture of Fts. Henry and Donelson. The earthworks at the southwest fort which is near an old road above the cemetery remain little disturbed in the woods. They are breast high. Placements for cannon and passages to the inner trenches are easily found.

After crossing the Cumberland and going nearly to historic old Salem, a road turns off toward Birdsville. There is a monument here erected by the Lucy Jefferson Lewis Chapter, Children of the American Revolution, 1924. Lucy Jefferson, a sister of President Thomas Jefferson, is buried on a high hill a mile and a half over toward the Ohio River. She was born in Virginia in 1762 and died in Kentucky in 1811, according to the inscription which gives directions for reaching the grave. The hilltop overlooks the Ohio which is in the distance to the northwest.

The return trip may be made shorter by cutting across from Route 60 to either Elizabethtown or Cave in Rock.

OHIO RIVER ISLANDS

Why not own an island, especially if it can be obtained without cost? Here is the plan. Find one that is in its infancy, where a sand bar has emerged so that willows and some soil have come; one that is just starting to grow in some navigable stream. Then file your claim with the government ahead of everyone else. Next wait for the island to grow up. And there you are. Some such beginnings never get larger or large enough to be of value. A shoal in the river or an alluvial island that is small is often called a towhead. McKirley Island, below Cave in Rock, is said to have first been large enough to name during President McKinley's administration. It is now nearly a mile long and valuable.

Some river islands are remnants of high lands that have been cut off by dividing channels such as Goat island at Niagara Falls. Those of the lower Ohio are the kind that grow.

So it is that river islands grow or they may be destroyed by the ever changing currents first cutting on one side and then the other of the river. Drift mud lodges on a sand bar. Willows start to grow. More mud is drifted or dropped by an eddy. Other materials accumulate at the lower end. The larger islands usually extend themselves downstream. Often they are cut off at the upper ends. In another article, mention was made that Hurricane Island at Elizabethtown has moved down stream a half mile in fifty years. One light occupation is to sit and watch an island go by.

Government charts of the Ohio list not less than eighty islands from Pittsburgh to Cairo besides many towheads and bars. Some names are suggestive of their origin such as Crow, Hog, Bat, Goose, Raccoon, Dog, Deadman, Big Bone, Eighteen Mile, Twelve Mile, Eight Mile, Six Mile, and Slim.

Blannerhassett Island near Parkersburg, West Virginia, had on it the palatial home of its owner whose name it bears. Here came Aaron Burr who with Blannerhassett and his ambitious wife planned to overthrow Mexico and establish a government of their own in the southwest. Corn island below Cannelton, Indiana, was where George Rogers Clark embarked on July 24, 1778, to go to Kaskaskia by way of Ft. Massac. He planted corn on the island to make Indians and any French scouts that might be about, believe that he expected to spend the summer there, hence the name. Diamond Island between Mt. Vernon, Indiana, and Henderson, Kentucky, was the holdout of such outlaws as the Mason gang and the Harpe brothers of the bandit days about Cave in Rock.

The first island along the Illinois boundary is Wabash Island at the mouth of the Wabash river. It is the largest of them all with an area of sixteen to eighteen hundred acres. There are several farms and a school district on it. It is bordered with willows and some larger trees. The soil is very fertile so that immense crops of corn are grown there in seasons when floods do not destroy the crop. Other of the larger islands down stream are also used exclusively for growing corn. The floods leave new layers of very rich soil. As such an island moves down stream the willows cover the new ground at the lower point. The farmers clear about fifty feet of older willows each season thus extending the cultivated area down stream as the island extends itself.

Bell Island, just above Shawneetown on the Illinois side, now has land connection with Illinois though it is part of Kentucky. All these islands and the river itself are part of that state because the Kentucky boundary is the north bank of the river. Land once in a state is always in even though it may attach itself to another. The southwest tip of Bell Island is a sandy beach much frequented by bathers. The Cincinnati Bar is now an island seen down stream from Shawneetown. Saline Island just above the mouth of the Saline river is low and unimportant. There is an island a few miles below lying close to the Illinois shore extending between Seller's Landing and Battery Rock. Cave in Rock Island is above the town of that name and near the Kentucky shore. Next below is McKinley Island with the smaller Plew Island on the Illinois side farther down. The up stream end of Hurricane Island is alongside of Plew Island but this big island extends down stream three miles, past Elizabethtown, threatening to shut off commerce from the town. Hurricane Island grows many thousands of bushels of corn in a good season. There are houses there which are occupied by the workmen during the corn growing season. Golconda Island lies nearer the Kentucky side above the town of the same name. Pryor Island is two miles below Golconda. Next down stream are The Sisters Islands, Stewarts Island, and Dog Island. There is Cumberland Island at the mouth of the Cumberland River and Tennessee Island

at the mouth of the Tennessee at Paducah. Last on the map is Cache Island near Mound City.

It is unfortunate for those who would enjoy the beautiful Ohio with its fine scenery, which is at its best from Paducah to the mouth of the Wabash, that there is no longer regular transportation for passengers. There is much to enjoy by those who have private launches or can get the use of one as guest or paid passenger.

THE GEORGE ROGERS CLARK TRAIL

In 1775 there were 300 white people in Kentucky, mostly men, who had 200 acres in cultivation about Boonsboro and Harrodsburg. George Rogers Clark assisted in defending Harrodsburg against an Indian attack in 1777, which attack he thought was incited by the British who held the country north of the Ohio and were at Kaskaskia, Vincennes and Detroit. Two spies, Moore and Dunn, sent to Kaskaskia in 1777, confirmed the suspicion.

It is interesting to note the scarcity of military supplies on the frontier when compared with present day army expenditures. Virginia supplied her colonies in Kentucky with 500 pounds of powder and one keg of lead with which they successfully repelled the Indians.

Clark went to Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, and got authority to take the British posts north of the Ohio. He came back by way of Fort Pitt (now Pittsburgh) gathering supplies on a flatboat which he larded at Corn Island, near Louisville, Kentucky. He built a fort and planted a corn field to give the impression that he would stay there. His lieutenants had recruited 200 Kentuckians who met him there. They floated down and came to a bayou at the mouth of Massac Creek above Fort Massac which was evidently standing but not occupied. Some hunters, among them John Duff, who knew the Illinois country, had joined them at the mouth of the Tennessee.

Trails in the southern Illinois country were pretty well established by Indians, French and English explorers, hunters, trappers, and soldiers in the fifty years before Clark's coming.

The best-known trail which Clark might have followed was the eastern one north from Metropolis by way of Allen Springs and Dixon springs, thence west and north through Moccasin Gap (south of Ozark near Gum Spring) and on to Marion continuing to Bainbridge between Marion and Cartersville.

The second and less-travelled trail which Clark chose because he wished to make a surprise attack at Kaskaskia, led northwest from Metropolis coming out at the northwest corner of Massac County. It crossed the swamp lands at the most favorable place between the branches of Bay Creek and the Cache River. At best it was a poor crossing, swampy at all seasons and impassable at others. The little army camped at Indian Point near Forman and continued next day going north, a little west of Vienna, and over the hills at Buffalo Gap. They went through Goreville, missed Marion a short distance, and came to Bainbridge where the two trails joined. They had spent the second night near Pulley's Mill north of Goreville. That was the day they were lost and made little progress.

The above details are the summing up of the data from Clark's journal and other sources as gathered by various historians and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

After spending the third night at Bainbridge they followed the trail crossing Crab Orchard creek three miles northeast of Carbondale and the Big Muddy River four miles east of Murphysboro, near which crossing they spent the fourth night. A line through Ava, Campbell Hill, Shiloh Hill, Wine Hill, and Bremen marks their fifth day's journey to where they crossed the St. Mary's River and camped. They came to Kaskaskia the next night, July 4, 1778, and took the town before midnight.

It might take a man on foot all of ten days to follow this trail. For anyone who might wish to follow it approximately, the lands through which it passes may be kept in sight much of the time and it may be crossed many times all in a day's journey by following the state roads and a few other short stretches of good dirt or gravelled roads. Starting near Metropolis, parts of Routes 45, 146, 37, 13, 51, 150, and 3, may be used in about the order named by anyone with a road map who wishes to trail George Rogers Clark and his daring band—with a handicap of more than 150 years.

The David Chapman Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has erected five monuments in Johnson County. One is west of Ozark on Route 45, to mark the crossing of the Massac-Kaskaskia trail which passes through Dixon Springs and Moccasin Gap. Clark's Trail is marked at Indian Point which is reached from Route 45 by a road marked "Forman" a few miles south of Vienna. The monument is on the Burlington Railroad right-of-way at the foot of Indian Point, near Forman. The second Clark's Trail marker is three miles west of Vienna near the top of Chance Hill. This marker may be more readily found by following the directions under the heading of "Vienna to Mound City."

The third marker is on the C. & E. I. right of way at Buffalo Gap on Route 147 about one and a half miles south of Goreville across the wire fence by the railroad. The last marker is two miles north of Goreville on the old Goreville-Marion road east of Route 147 a short distance, in the vicinity of the Pink Thornton farm and the site of the old Pulley's Mill.

THE OLD STONE FORT

The Old Stone Fort is one of the few pre-historic landmarks of the Illinois Ozarks. It is situated on the north bluff of the Little Saline River about three and a half miles east and three-fourths mile south of the present village of Stonefort which is known on the old maps as the village of Bolton. Before the railroad was built, Stonefort was a village about a mile west of the Fort. The coming of the Big Four Railroad caused the village to migrate to its present site. A few farm houses close together assist the stranger in locating the neighborhood which is now known as Old Town. The Illinois Central cutoff, from Edgewood to Paducah, passes just west of Old Town.

It is possible to drive south from Stonefort village slightly more than a half mile, then east at the first turn and continue east and a little south to the Old Town site. This road is the mail route and fairly good. The road with numerous turns eastward to the Fort from Old Town is not so good except in dry weather. The "lower road" starting east from the village of Stonefort is the best and is nearly always good. It leads to the foot of the hill upon which the Fort is located. The road from Old Town joins this one before the Fort is reached. The steep quarter mile to the top must be made on foot up an old roadway to a level directly west of the Fort. The climbing is not specially difficult.

The Fort can be approached also from Carrier Mills in dry weather, coming in from the northeast. A good way to make the trip is to start at either Stonefort or Carrier Mills and end up at the other. I have walked that way several times. It is less than a ten mile "hike."

The Fort is readily recognized by its scattering remains, a semi-circle of medium sized trees enclosing a cleared space at the top of the bluff with the Little Saline River flowing more than a hundred feet directly below. Closer inspection reveals that the trees grow up from a semicircle of stones scattered about. They are the only remains of the stone wall which the early settlers related was as much as six feet high and of about the same width. All the great mass of large stones was taken by the early pioneers for use in foundations, chimneys and fire places.

There is no doubt that the fort was there when the first white settlers came. A similar structure, judging from the fragments that remain, is found just north of Makanda. It is described in connection with Giant City Park. The similarity of these two fortifications indicates their common origin. They are said to be similar to other known structures of the period of Spanish exploration of the Mississippi Valley. The high steep walled cliff in front can be climbed at one or more points, but a few defenders with rocks could keep a multitude of primitive warriors from coming up. The steep slopes on the other three sides from the wall made the spot easily defended from all sides. There is a growth of young trees on the slopes now. It is easy to imagine that the builders of the fort saw to it that the slopes were cleared to give an unobstructed view of all approaches.

Mr. A. I. Kelly of Stonefort was the best local authority on the history of the Fort. He said that a notation in the government survey of section

34, township 10 south, range 5 east of the third principal meridian (this being the site of the Fort) briefly mentions the existence of the structure. This survey was made in 1807. The record is on file at Springfield and a copy is with the Chicago Historical Society. A copy of an old Spanish map which is an imperfect representation of the Mississippi Valley located a fort on the Salinas River. The original map is supposed to have been made between 1500 and 1588. The record of this map is said to be with the Missouri Historical Society.

GUM SPRINGS

This story might have been entitled, "The Buffalo on the Rock," because that is the chief attraction here to those whose chief interest is history and things ancient. The prehistoric figure on a sandstone cliff is not, however, the only attraction to the visitor. The little valley at Gum Spring is one of Nature's untouched beauty spots. It has many attractions though no broad vistas or very high cliffs or cascades are there. With the exception of an abandoned road and a dim foot path, there is little to indicate the presence of man after getting fifty feet beyond the spring. Except for the not very frequent scream of an engine on the railroad across the hill, there may be no sounds of human activity. A few patches of corn growing on level spots in the valley outlet are mute evidence that men live and work in the vicinity. Otherwise, one is alone with the huge rocks, the stately beech trees, and the tangle of smaller rocks and shrubs and trees of great variety.

Gum Spring is near the southern edge of the Illinois Ozarks about three miles south of the village of Ozark which is near the summit, and slightly east of Route 45. Traveling south a gravel road leading directly south should be taken off of Route 45 at the point where the concrete road begins to bend west after passing the "Ozark" sign board. In a few places it is a real "rock" road over which the car must be driven more slowly. The old road at Moccasin Gap has been abandoned for a better route. There remains a short, steep hill to go down just before coming to the side road which goes to the spring. The explorer may know that he has arrived after descending the hill, by the following: A branch road crosses the railroad which is east, and in sight. A broad, cultivated valley of a branch of Bay Creek is spread out to the southeast. A dim road leads off to the right. This last road goes to the spring, passing very close to the narrow creek—too close for careless drivers but safe enough for others. Just before getting to the broad, level space where the car may be turned, there are rock humps over which the car must pass slowly. Fallen trees block farther progress in the road beyond the broad turning space.

The spring is several feet down by the water's edge. The iron pipe outlet empties slightly above the water in the stream at ordinary seasons. In time of flood it is submerged. The water is cool and clear with a slight taste of iron. It is pleasant to drink and refreshing after returning from the buffalo picture which is on the right hand cliff less than a quarter of a mile up the valley to the north.

One way to find the picture is to follow the base of the cliff. This is interesting and not very difficult. The many turns and rocks to go around may be confusing. It might be better to make the return trip at the base of the cliff and go more directly by means of a path. First follow the abandoned road for about 400 feet (200 steps) to within about fifty feet of where the road crosses the creek. At the bend of the road turn off into the foot path which leads north between the cliff and the creek. It is level ground here and one thinks he is entering a jungle for the shrubbery overhangs the path which can be clearly seen. Occasionally it crosses a fallen limb or stones. The jungle-like part is passed after a few steps and the traveling is in the open for about 800 feet.

The cliff rises higher on the right and the stream bed on the left becomes more beautiful. Dislodged rocks "as big as a house," gravel beds, and clear pools delight the eye. Earth mold smells, bright colored fungus growths, insect and bird calls, and all the sense stimulating influences of solitude in the woods are there for those who appreciate them.

Finally, the path leads right up under an overhanging cliff with a roof twenty feet high and a projection of thirty-five. The picture (originally outlined in brown but recently smeared over with a yellowish tinge evidently for the purpose of making it plainer) is in plain sight a few feet away. It is three or four feet long and is a fair outline of a buffalo with the head lowered in characteristic attitude. It is said to have been there when the white men came and is mentioned and pictured by writers on Illinois history and Indian lore.

Depredations of hunters, campers, and fire builders have made it necessary to post signs against such trespassers. Visitors should be careful not to cause or permit injury to this little gem of Nature's setting.

The return trip may be made very pleasant by following the road south about two miles to Simpson or to the fine new, chat covered road leading to Tunnel Hill. This road leads to Route 45 a short distance west of the Beauman residence, coming up through the orchards. It is an all weather road, broad and smooth with long, easy curves.

CREAL SPRINGS

The Illinois Ozarks abound in springs. Many of the hill farms have several. Ed Creal had such a farm at the present site of Creal Springs back in the early 80's. A poor family, said to be transients, camped near the springs on this farm. They had malaria and other ailments. They drank the spring water and recovered.

The word spread and Ed Creal found he had an asset worth developing. He plotted a town site and sold lots, giving some away for churches and other purposes. The water from the different springs was analyzed and found to contain minerals such as are used in medicines, each of the six main springs having a different mineral content. Advertising did the rest and the people came to be cured. The first crude hotel that was built was not sufficient. The town grew and a second frame hotel came later.

It was a time of prosperity. The population grew to number 800 to 1,000 permanent residents. There was no railroads but the busses drawn by horses over the rough and sometimes muddy, hilly roads brought the people from New Burnside and Marion. After the railroad was built through Creal, the busses met the Big Four trains at Parker regularly. Sick people were brought on cots.

The social life a little later on attracted many who came for relaxation and rest. There were such diversions as dancing, horseback riding with side saddles and long riding skirts for the ladies, tramps into the surrounding hills, tennis, and croquet. Southern Illinois supplied its quota of visitors. A large number of those who came as patients were from western Tennessee and Kentucky and southeast Missouri.

This prosperity continued until comparatively recent times. A new brick hotel, the Ozark, was built about twenty-five years ago. It had forty rooms and was much more modern than its two predecessors which have now disappeared. The automobile age had come and Creal had no dry weather road and none that many cared to travel in cars. In spite of the commodious bath house, the dancing pavilion, and other facilities to hold the then declining business of the hotel, the era of prosperity began to wane.

Now, the fine brick Ozark Hotel is not used as such. The other buildings and the springs are neglected though the springs still flow as they did in the most prosperous period of their long history. The new state road is built right through the town. It passes right by the springs and hotel, so close that the bath house had to be moved in a little and the water from one spring had to be piped in to the hotel park because the spring itself was covered by the road. The new hotel is still there. The surroundings are attractive. If modern bathing facilities and other wholesome entertainment were provided, the hotel and the spring water should again bring a steady stream of visitors, bent on sight-seeing and recreation, since it would be easy to reach Creal from Harrisburg, Vienna, and Marion and the larger towns not much farther away. Visitors would not come to stay so long as in the older times when it took a day to go or come, but

they would come oftener. Almost everyone would spend a little money there if there were attractions to cause them to stop. Creal Springs may yet solve its problem by again relying on its assets as did Ed Creal in the beginning.

Creal Springs has comfortable homes and citizens of intelligence and culture. As one lady said, "It is a good place to live if one has nothing to do." There are churches and good schools. It is in the edge of one of the finest fruit growing regions of the state. A little more business activity, such as a small factory to employ the surplus labor, should transform the little city to much of its former prosperity. As it is, considerable quantities of the water from springs and wells are shipped out for medicinal purposes on account of the lithia and other mineral content.

About 1887, a private seminary for girls was established and conducted for a time by Gertrude B. Murrah. Later the school became Creal Springs College under Baptist management. This college went the way of all such private institutions that were not heavily endowed. It is no longer open. The building stands a short distance north from the hotel building.

Completion of Route 166 connecting Marion and New Burnside adds one more beautiful drive that may be taken. Route 166 connects with Route 13 east of Marion and joins Route 45 at New Burnside.



Devil's Back Bone—Belle Smith Spring

Villages and larger cities, as well as individuals, sometimes build up a type of business which causes them to prosper. When the source of the prosperity declines, there is a tendency to rest on past achievements and forget that new things and new ways of doing are necessary for continued prosperity. Creal Springs and other cities might act on this little bit of philosophizing when one kind of success wanes and another is on the upturn of events.

FERNE CLYFFE

Ferne Clyffe Scenic Park, known to many as Rebman Park, is one of the most attractive small areas in Illinois. Within seventy-five acres there is combined a panorama of rapidly changing variety and beauty such as is not suspected as one approached the park from any direction. It is dropped down into a valley out of sight. Whether approached from the more level country which is north or from the hills which are south, there is no hint of what awaits the visitor until he finds himself lost from sight or sound of the outside world in this secluded valley. There are eight springs of cold water each unique in its surroundings; there are trails, water falls, canyons, caves, huge dislodged rocks and overhanging cliffs some of which are so stupendous that they can be photographed only in parts from any accessible viewpoint.

Miss Emma Rebman, a former county superintendent of schools, of Johnson County, has owned the park for a number of years and lived in a cottage perched on a terrace below the main valley walls and above a smaller valley. A nominal fee of ten cents was charged to cover cost of accommodations for picnickers, campers, and other visitors.

The park is just a half mile southwest of Goreville which is on Route 37 and thirteen miles south of Marion. Coming from the north into Goreville, the route leads through the business street and curves to the southeast near a culvert at the south part of town, and you should take the dirt road at this point and continue south to where another road leads directly west. Go west about an eighth of a mile to where there is the sign, "Ferne Clyffe," on the left side of the road. Turn down the slope which becomes somewhat steeper farther down but leads to a right turn and a winding road which becomes more level. Cars may be parked at the top of the slope mentioned above but it is best to drive down and save shoe leather; but this is not necessary because there is no special difficulty in driving to the regular parking place which is within the park above and in sight of the cottage. A road leads on down from this parking place. This road is better suited to mule teams and those who prefer a footpath than to driving down such a rocky highway.

The above directions were followed without too much difficulty a few years ago and before the war period.

Under recent conditions the approach may be such that a car should be parked at the level space where stood the Ferne Clyffe sign. The climb down and up is tiring, but those who go ordinary places on foot with ease need not fear this adventure.

A leisurely gait down to the cottage and throughout the trip is the part of wisdom. Many sightseers wear themselves out by their haste at the beginning and come up lagging at the end of what might otherwise be a perfect day. Take the lunch along and leave it in the shady valley below the cottage. There are steps leading down from the terrace and the cottage. You will wish first to explore the north end of this little canyon and try out the spring water. The cascade at the upper end, the cliffs, and the huge dislodged rocks will be of interest.

Headquarters being established, there are two main trips to be taken. First follow the little stream bed down from the vicinity of the large springs to a junction with another stream which leads farther east. Turn left up the valley. There are cool paths winding about among the rocks which are loose from the cliff which is south. There are paths leading to the source of this little stream or at least to where the valley narrows and the water, after a rain, comes tumbling down amid rocks and over cascades. A little canyon coming in from the north is a miniature of the famous French Canyon at Starved Rock near LaSalle. Its curved walls, cascades and clear pools are ideal places for a little excitement because there are just enough ledges to climb over and enough slippery places to induce the unwary to get wet but not submerged by sliding into the shallow pools.

One advantage in leaving the lunches is that the whole party will be readily assembled and on time for the second trip after resting. The lunch calls louder than a dinner bell. Haste to get back to lunch should not prevent taking time to see, but not to pull, the large variety of flowers and ferns. There is an ethical value in learning to enjoy without destroying. Loose stones for improvised ovens and wood to cook with are there. Here again the careless one should learn the lesson that the true camper always burns waste and papers and puts out his fire before leaving.

The second trip begins on the terrace by the cottage. It is the best of all for those who like things on a large scale. The path leads southwest. The valley walls on the right rise higher and higher. At last a great overhanging cliff forms a half dome seventy-five feet high, a hundred feet wide, and much longer than wide. It is too large to be photographed in entirety from any near enough location. In a picture, men look like pygmies in comparison.

For campers overnight there are trails and climbs beyond and above and across from all that is here described.

The present status of this gem of nature is not easily determined

since Miss Rebman has been gone from it for several years. It should be held by some organization capable of constructing an approach which may be safely traveled at all times. It should not be commercialized except, possibly, by a small entrance fee to maintain a keeper. It will take care of itself if man does not interfere with the processes of nature. It is a compact assembly of beauty on a magnificent scale nestled into the smallest possible compass. It should be called Rebman Park on account of the owner who permitted so many of us to enjoy her hospitality at a cost which must have been a mere pittance.

THE CYPRESS SWAMPS

Saline county and others in the same latitude are on the borderland between the north and the south so far as vegetation is concerned. We have most of the flora of northern Illinois and some of the south. The native evergreens of northern Illinois do not grow this far south. On the other hand, our gums, pecans, persimmons, and some other trees grow less and less common as we go north. The southern cane from which fishing poles are made grows here but is stunted. The magnolia, while not native, grows and blooms along the Ohio river at Cairo, Metropolis, and Golconda. The same situation is true with our shrubs, woody vines, and herbaceous plants.

The American bald cypress (*Taxodium distichum*, Richard) is one of the very few members of the pine family that is native to southern Illinois. Its native habitat is the southern states extending north to southern Delaware and southern Missouri and Illinois. It is not abundant farther north than Saline county but grows, when planted, as far north as Urbana. The red cedar grows here and at all latitudes in this state but limits itself to certain conditions of soil. There is a small area near Wolf Lake close to the Mississippi river where there is a native stand of one of the southern pines.

The cypress grows naturally in swampy places. It has been one of our most valuable timbers, growing to a great size. Its wood is valuable on account of its lightness, durability, freedom from warping and quality of taking a good finish. It stands exposure to dampness. Indoors, it makes a beautiful finish for door and window casings.

Cypress was native in the low grounds along the Saline river and for some distance from the mouth of the Wabash. Some fine specimens stand about the Shawneetown lakes, especially at Big Lake. The characteristic knees standing up out of the water are readily seen here. There are a few small specimens still scattered along the Big Saline River. One fine tree until recently stood just west of Whitesville bridge. The low grounds south of Carrier Mills were a great cypress swamp only a generation ago. A few of the survivors may be seen from Route 45. The greatest of the cypress swamps were connected with upper reaches of the Cache River bordering Massac county. Karnak was built as a lumber center in what

was a wilderness of great forests fifty years ago. A lumber company cut canals through the swamps by which the logs, which otherwise could not be readily moved, could be towed to the saw mill

The most convenient place to see the remains of a great cypress swamp is where Route 45 crosses the low lands between Vienna and Metropolis. Some of the huge, blackened half burned cypress stumps remained until recently to give a wierd aspect to the landscape. Small groups of their surviving younger brothers can be seen at a distance from the concrete road. They are recognized by their pine tree type of limb spread and fine, needle-like foliage. This place is a connecting link between the Bay Creek which flows southeast and the Cache which flows southwest. Their beds are thought to occupy the ancient valley of an old channel of the Ohio. In times of high water, there is a current up the Bay through this swampland and on down the Cache.

The river flood of 1913 and the greater one of 1937 sent a distinct current westward through this channel which has every aspect of a large river bed. Cypress formerly grew abundantly all the way from the mouth of Bay creek on the east to the mouth of the Cache a few miles above Cairo on the Ohio and across to the Mississippi in the region about Horseshoe lake.



Cypress Swamp Cache River

VIENNA TO MOUND CITY

West Vienna is four miles west of Vienna on Routes 146 and 37. The village began when the C. & E. I. Railroad was built south from Marion. Dutchman Creek is crossed not far east from West Vienna. Just over the hill west from this creek, on the north side of the road is the marker placed by the Johnson County D. A. R. indicating where George Rogers Clark, in 1778, passed on his way from Fort Massac to Kaskaskia which route was farther west than the established one. North from West Vienna, there is another similar marker between Route 37 and the railroad and near the old location of Pulley's Mill. Buncombe, a short distance north of West Vienna, affords one of the most wonderful views of the southern slope of the Illinois Ozarks.

Cypress, population about 400, nestles south of the hills which gradually become smaller as we continue south on Route 37. The town probably got its name from the cypress swamps not far away. The cemetery, just beyond, where the highway viaduct crosses the railroad, occupies an ideal site. The broad view over hills and valley which are the work of geological ages inspires one with thoughts of how long is eternity and how short is life.

White Hill, eight miles south of West Vienna, consists of an old store building used by the Charles Stone Company as an office and a limestone quarry at the bluff to the east. This quarry is said to have sent out 1,000,000 tons of limestone in little more than thirty years. It differs from most of its kind in that it is mined from underneath to avoid the cost of removing the overburden of sandstone and gravel.

White Hill overlooks the broad flood plain of the Cache River which rises east of Cobden and here flows east but later makes an abrupt bend to the southeast to finally reach the Ohio above Cairo. The sluggish stream lies in a wooded swamp where a few of the original cypress trees still grow. The flood plain on each side is fertile as is most of the soil as we go south toward Cairo. We are entering the region where the Ozark hills are more subdued, where spring comes earlier, where less rock is exposed and more rich soil is found, and where alfalfa is more abundant.

Grand Chain is about half way between West Vienna and Mound City. It occupies a site on high ground near the Ohio. The name came from the rocky ledges that were exposed near here when the river was low, in times before the present water level was maintained. Dam 53, the last of a series between Pittsburgh and Cairo, is down river from the Grand Chain landing. I remember that the Dick Fowler, one of the last of the river steamboats, made a daily round trip from Paducah to Cairo. At the Grand Chain landing, I always supposed that the town lay just over the hills from the river. When on the train on the C. C. C. & St. L. Railway I thought the river was just back of the town. The river can be seen from the high part of the town but is actually two and a half miles away by the travelled route. I learned how to find the way to Haine's landing by interviewing a versatile young lady who was better informed

about the whereabouts of the river than anyone else available. She lives "out that way," brings eight or nine children in to school regularly (making two trips when they all come), works at the store all day, returns the children after school, then returns to the store until closing time. At the time of the interview, she was putting a holly wreath on the front store window with water colors and doing it so skillfully that it looked like the real thing from across the street. Maine's River View Farm extends to the river landing. The white painted home and farm building are above the high-water mark on the bluff which is typical of what bluffs there are on this part of the Ohio. No stone outcrops here. A large elm tree stands on ground probably twenty feet higher than the river level at tide stage. There are fifty concrete steps up to the yard from the base of the tree, and a large bunch of mistletoe is on a limb almost overhanging the steps. The all season gravel road from town was safely followed on a winter's day in December when the fields were soft from recent rains



Steamer "Dick Fowler"

Courtesy Mound City News

The river is wide here. The distant Kentucky shore is bordered with trees so that the only inspiring feature of the landscape is the mighty river whose lapping waves on the now unused landing give constant warning of its power. I was reminded of the days when the Chain of Rocks was dreaded by the early navigators, for it was known as the river graveyard marked by the wrecked steamboats and barges which were seen at low water. It must have been here that Charles Dickens was impelled to express his own opinion of the river in Martin Chuzzlewit as he descended toward its mouth.

Olmsted is on the river between Grand Chain and Cairo, high up so there is a good view of the stream whose volume here is also impressive. The elevation makes it look better just as a little distance often lends enchantment to other things. Dickens should have gone ashore here.

Olmsted, whose population is about 700, owns its sewer system and waterworks. The water is artesian from a 1,000-foot well in porous limestone. Caledonia Landing is the older name used in the earlier river traffic. A good deal of commercial fishing is done on this part of the river.

The largest industry seems to be that of the Sinclair Refining Company which processes and ships out 50,000 tons of fuller's earth yearly. The material is removed from the deep deposits by steam shovels and tram cars for refining, all at or near the river's edge or on the bluff which the deposit forms. The product is used in foundry work in connection with molding sand, in floor cleaners, and several other ways. Coarse, uncrushed pieces are used as litter in chicken houses. It has good absorbing qualities. It is like potter's clay but not plastic. Other uses are as a filter medium in refining oils, fats, etc., and as a cataclyst. The name comes from its use in fulling cloth.

North Caledonia was a village laid out by Justus Post some time before 1843 when Pulaski County was organized. It is now a part of Olmsted, the higher part to the east where there are some attractive homes. Caledonia was the first county seat. In 1866 an election was held and a majority voted to move the county seat to Mound City. The vote was contested and the county seat remained at Caledonia until 1868. It is said that the county records were moved by stealth one midnight and taken to Mound City by oxcart. With the coming of the Big Four Railroad, Rev. E. B. Olmstead gave land and plotted an addition down toward the depot and the new and old parts were merged into Olmsted.

Above Olmsted and below Grand Chain on Route 37, a sign indicates Dam 53. Wilkinsonville was established as a government fortress in 1797 near the present dam. It was garrisoned until 1801 or later. The D.A.R. placed a marker there in 1936.

A flourishing business was conducted in this country not long after 1702. Sieur Charles Juchereau was commissioned to establish a tannery on the Ohio River. The tannery was located about four miles up from Dam 53. About 150 French soldiers, hunters, and laborers made up the colony. The plan was to kill and skin all the buffalos they could and to tan the hides. The tannery bore the name of "La Bache." The location now is called Post Creek Gap. By April, 1704, 13,000 buffalos are said to have been killed, skinned and their hides taken to the tannery.

The buffalo hunters collected hides at widely scattered stations so that the Indians of several tribes became alarmed at the diminishing game supply. They planned an ambush and massacre which resulted in the death of all but Juchereau. It is said that the bones of the massacred were found a hundred years later and that evidences of the event may still be found. Moyer's History of Pulaski County states that, "If we

would visit it, it is necessary to follow the old Grand Chain-Metropolis road to Post Creek Cutoff and then walk one-fourth mile to the hill on which the battle raged." Moyer gives numerous accounts of happenings in this region and in much greater detail.

A road sign on Route 37 about half way between Olmsted and Mound City indicated "America". The side road toward the river is of gravel and well kept. It ends at the station house on the Big Four Railroad. There are two farm houses near. Here was a prosperous city from 1818 to 1833. There was a good boat landing. The thousand inhabitants thought it would be the metropolis of the region. It became the first seat of justice of Alexander County. Then a sandbar blocked the harbor entrance for all but small boats and the town died. So had 1,000 of its inhabitants who were buried in the cemetery, the plat of which is in the court house at Cairo. It is said that there were two epidemics of smallpox. The situation is high and dry above the river, an ideal spot for a city. No evidences of the former city are visible. The stone markers at the graves were carried away for doorsteps. The cemetery was plowed some fifteen or twenty years ago, according to current reports, so that there is no record of whom the individuals might have been or where the remains of these hopeful citizens were buried. The epidemics of cholera are said to have swept many away.



America—1946

Here is opportunity for some bright attorney to make a name for himself if not a fortune. I quote from Moyer's History of Pulaski County which states that America continued to be the county seat till 1833.

"An interesting item in connection with the removal of the county seat of Alexander County is that just a few years before the Commissioners of the County had bargained with the Trustees of America, for the town had been duly incorporated by Act of the Illinois Legislature, to keep America as the permanent seat of justice of the county in exchange for \$1150 orders on the treasury of Alexander County which the town had accepted in payment of municipal taxes. It had been agreed that if the county seat should ever be removed, the debt should be reinstated and the county become liable for the full amount at seven per cent compounded annually from the date of such removal until the debt should be paid. The debt was never paid or at least there is no record of it. However there is the record of the beginning of a suit in the circuit court of Alexander County by the town of America for the recovery of the debt but there is no record of the disposition of the case. If this debt were collected today it would make the present public debt of that county pale into insignificance for some \$1150 compounded annually at seven per centum over a period of over one hundred years amounts to a dizzy sum."

MOUND CITY

Mound City is the county seat of Pulaski County, one of the smallest counties in Illinois. A place called Caledonia eight miles up the river was the first county seat established in 1843. Times changed rapidly then as now. A court house and jail were built. In 1861, Mound City had become so important that the seat of government was moved there. There had been a settlement there as early as 1812 but the city did not experience a boom until about 1855. In fact, the town died twice in the meantime or was at least apparently beyond hope of recovery. Smith's History of Southern Illinois relates that: "In the first year after the Phillips family came to Mound City the massacre occurred and no one else came for many years." In 1836, some families settled about a mound near the river. The depth of the river there, the nature of the banks and the open water except in very cold winters made it a favorite landing place for the river men on the Ohio. It was a favorite wood yard to supply fuel for boats. A wood yard can exist without a city. So, by 1853, the store and all the dwellings but one log house were gone when Gen. M. M. Rawlings and others saw the latent possibilities of the location. Some substantial houses were built. Rawlings had the short railroad built to Mounds Junction in 1856. There was one engine on the line which was replaced by mules as motive power when times became less prosperous.

The Emporium Real Estate and Manufacturing company was organized in 1856. Emporium City was laid out adjoining the plat of Mound City previously laid out by Rawlings. Lots sold for more than \$100 per front foot. Total sales were near \$400,000. The company owned a steamboat, bought Rawlings' railroad, and built a huge three story foundry of brick. The marine ways were built for building and repairing boats. These ways became very important to river traffic. Many barges and other boats were launched here. There were scarcely any of the old time river boats that had not been up for repairs at Mound City. As many as 1,500 men are said by Smith to have been employed on the ways at one time during the Civil War.

The Emporium Company failed promptly in 1857. Then Emporium City became a part of Mound City. The natural advantages were such that the city did not die a third time. The Civil War brought greater activity than ever. The brick foundry became a storage magazine and was itself partially destroyed by an explosion.

What was known as the Union Block, a three story brick built just before the war, became the largest Civil War hospital in the Mississippi valley. It stands east of the Big Four depot and next the river front where the marine ways are located. Wounded men were brought here and to a hospital at Cairo from the battlefields of Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee. It was crowded after the battle of Shiloh. The men who died were buried above the city. After the war, the National Cemetery was established on a ten acre tract west of Mound City and those who were not returned to their homes were re-interred there. Thus the markers indicate only part of the total number who died or of those who recovered in the hospitals and went home or back to the army.

The hospital building was for a long time used by the Mound City Furniture Company. It is now utilized as a canning factory.

More details about Mound City and Pulaski county of which it is the county seat, are given in Moyer's History of Pulaski county, written for the Centennial Anniversary in 1943.

MOUND CITY NATIONAL CEMETERY

When May 30 approaches, our thoughts turn to the courageous boys who fought in the Civil War. They were boys. Comparatively few of them were over twenty-one when they went in. Some of them were old men in experience when the four years' struggle ended. Others never returned. It is they that we honor especially on Decoration Day. As the number of Civil War veterans grows less from year to year, the number who sleep approaches the maximum. Whether they are numbered with the living or dead, we continue to honor them.

In the National Cemetery, a mile west of Mound City where the slab leads off from Route 51 between Mounds and Cairo, thousands of white stone markers stand in military alignment keeping vigil over 5,583 dead soldier boys whose graves they have marked for near eighty years. The names of 2,759 of them are unknown.

Recent burials of veterans of more recent wars has increased the number of graves to 5,719, according to late reports. Ten of the recent burials have been World War II veterans. A few women are there, also. The spaces are about all occupied.

A tall, old style monument in the cemetery, built by the State of Illinois at a cost of \$25,000, bears the names of the dead who are known. The caretaker's home is attractive with its flowers and shrubbery. Col. F. O. Patier, for a long time a prominent merchant of Cairo, is buried in the National Cemetery. He died a generation ago. There is a monument to his memory. Any honorably discharged soldier of any of our wars may be buried there.

For many years after the Civil War, the National Cemetery was visited by throngs who came on special excursions by rail each Decoration Day on account of the ceremonies held there. The good roads now make it possible for us to go there at any time. It would be well for us and for the nation if we would more often visit these sacred spots and pause long enough to remember the deeds and traditions of those who have stood for and died for those principles of freedom which, if maintained, will continue to make us free.



Mound City National Cemetery

INDIAN MASSACRES

Indian lore is not plentiful in southern Illinois. The Shawnee and Kaskaskia Indians were peace loving and evidently not very romantic. They sometimes became overbearing and surly but seldom bloodthirsty. We have no such tales of Indian conflict and murder as come from other nearby states. One horrible tale of Indian atrocity is recorded, however, though its savagery is not charged to the Indians of Illinois.

Smith's History of Southern Illinois is quoted as follows: "In the first year after the Phillips family came to Mound City the massacre occurred and no one came to Mound City for many years."

We are indebted to E. P. Easterday of Mound City for a statement of this event as told by Thomas Forker who died in Pulaski County in 1859, and as written by Rev. E. B. Olmstead.

The first white settlers about Mound City came from Tennessee following the New Madrid earthquake of 1811. The severity of that earthquake and why these families moved are better understood if we remember that Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee was formed as a result of that quake.

Two families, one named Clark and another named Phillips, lived near where Mound City now stands. The cabins were at about the west boundary, the Phillips home being on the next rise above that of Clark. A man named Conger lived below the old town of America and a Mr. Lyerle a short distance above. A Mr. Humphrey lived where Lower Caledonia now stands. There were no other white people between the mouth of the Ohio and Grand Chain, a distance of twenty miles.

Clark and his wife lived alone except for visits from their grown children. A man named Kennedy lived at the Phillips home. Mrs. Phillips had a grown son and a daughter nearly grown.

In the late autumn of 1812, ten Creek Indians on their way home to Kentucky appeared unexpectedly. A man named Shaver rode up to the Clark home about the same time and tied his horse near the back door of the Clark home. He told Clark that he knew the Indians and had traded with them and supposed that they meant no harm though he expressed fears to Clark and was evidently disturbed also. The Indians demanded food which Mrs. Clark prepared after getting the Indians to grind some corn in a hand mill. Clark and the others made no efforts to prepare to defend themselves fearing to thus disturb the Indians who lingered about after eating the meal. Five of them went up to the Phillips cabin. The Indians, while lingering after the meal, had challenged Shaver to a foot race and to wrestle with him, both of which invitations he had declined.

Two Indians lingered at the front door of the Clark home and two at the rear. Shaver, sitting in the Clark home, saw one of the Indians signal in the direction of the Phillips home. Immediately screams and shouts came from that direction. At the same time Shaver received a stunning blow on the head but, being a powerful man, he rose and recov-

ered sufficiently to force his way out and run toward the river, followed by the Indians. He ran toward the bayou below what later was the site of the marine ways. A hatchet just missed his head. He plunged into the ice cold water and swam the bayou. The Indians hesitated to follow him. He made his way to the settlements in what is now Union County.

The Indians murdered Clark and his wife, Mrs. Phillips, her son and daughter, and Kennedy. All the furniture was destroyed or carried away. Shaver's fine horse was taken. Union County citizens tried to follow the Creeks but failed.

A company of soldiers stationed at Fort Massac came down to bury the dead. They found Clark and his wife dead in their home. Young Phillips' body was found drifted a mile below. One of his sister's slippers was found by the river where she had evidently been killed as she fled toward a boat to escape. Kennedy's body was found horribly mutilated some distance from the Phillips home. Mrs. Phillips with her unborn babe were found impaled upon a stake.

Thus we see why the site of Mound City was deserted for nearly twenty-five years until about 1836 when, according to the account from which the above story is condensed, there were buildings as follows: Two double cabins with thirty-foot rooms, each having a fireplace in either end besides five other cabins and one store.

It should be remembered that Mound City is on a short spur of Route 51 near the National Cemetery about six miles north of Cairo.

Another massacre involving a much greater number of Indians and of victims is described near the close of the topic, Vienna to Mound City. It occurred not far from the Illinois end of Dam 53.

In 1786, Indians surprised and killed all but one of a party, including women and children, at the Devil's Backbone which is near the rapidly flowing part of the Mississippi River above Grand Tower. A flatboat was being towed up stream by the men on shore. The women and children had come off the boat. John Murdock, seventeen, hid among the rocks. He grew up to be an inveterate enemy of the Indians.

CAIRO

CAIRO is farthest south in Illinois, also, lowest in elevation, being 268.58 feet above sea level at low water mark. There is a common approach to the two bridges which span the two mighty rivers which definitely threaten the city and which its loyal citizens sturdily defend. One of these two passenger bridges connects the city with Missouri and the other with Kentucky.

The historic Holliday Hotel where General Grant spent much time during the Civil War, is in ruins following a fire. The Third Principal Meridian passes through a point a little below the Holliday ruins. Fort Defiance was on this meridian. This fort guarded the many Union boats which were used here in the Civil War. Cairo was the chief port of embarkation for both soldiers and supplies which went south. It is said that more than 45,000 Confederate prisoners passed through Cairo on their way to the north.

The Cairo Chamber of Commerce claims the following:

"From the beginning Cairo has been visited by men destined to become famous. Andrew Jackson, Charles Dickens, Zachary Taylor, William Makepeace Thackeray, U. S. Grant, Jefferson Davis, James A. Garfield, John A. Logan—and later Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, William Jennings Bryan, and Alfred Tennyson Dickens, son of Charles Dickens, have all been entertained here. It is easy as we read their names to picture the changes from the frontier post of Jackson's day to the military activities of Grant's, and so on to the modern city that greeted Roosevelt and Taft."

The streets of Cairo are broad. The southern magnolia along with stately elms and other trees native to the region are at their best in this southern setting.

Two large, modern housing units, each situated near their respective white and Negro populations are estimated to be the homes of 1,200 people. They are on the side of the city toward the Mississippi.

Entrance from the north is through the north side of the levee which surrounds the city. Numerous large industries are in this section near the highway entrance. The large, old homes are nearer the center. Hotels, business houses, and restaurants are near the old water front on the Ohio. A railroad bridge spans the Ohio.

Downtown attractions for the tourist are many. The colossal bronze statue of "The Hower," by George Gray Bernard, on Washington Street, in honor of William Parke Holliday, is one. The Boy Scouts of Troupe 3 have erected a totem pole at the end of the boulevard at the intersection of Washington Street where it branches off at Center. The pole looks like the real thing direct from Alaska at the first glance.



Ohio River Front—Cairo

WEST KENTUCKY TOWNS

Kentucky, west of the Tennessee River, lies mostly a few hundred feet above the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, being neither swampy nor mountainous but consisting of clay ridges cut by frequent stream valleys, especially near the rivers.

Paducah with its fine hotels, theatres, business blocks, and public market is the chief west Kentucky city, named after the Indian chief whose statue is on the corner near the post office. It is not this city but the smaller cities in which we are interested today.

All of Kentucky west of the Tennessee River is known as the Jackson Purchase and is said to have been bought from the Chickasaw Indians in an early day after the white man attempted to take it without the asking. In 1842, Ballard County was set off, with the county seat at Blandsville. The court house burned in 1880. After a vote and a legal battle, the county seat was established at Wickliffe in 1883, when that city had its beginning. Wickliffe is situated on a series of hills overlooking the Mississippi with Cairo and the coming together of the two great rivers in plain view a few miles upstream.

Route 60 from points east through Paducah is by way of the two vehicle bridges via Wickliffe to Cairo, and Cairo to Missouri to points west. Illinois Routes 3, 51 and 37 by way of Cairo bring traffic from the north. Route 51 continues on from Wickliffe to the south.

In 1770, George Rogers Clark, following instructions from Patrick Henry and then Thomas Jefferson, Governors of Virginia, constructed Ft. Jefferson just above Mayfield Creek less than a mile below the present site of Wickliffe and opposite Island No. 1. This was in the midst of the Chickasaw and Cherokee territory. Clark failed to consult the Indians. Under a Scotchman named Colbert, they at first attacked and killed settlers whom Clark had induced to come. Later the next summer, 1,000 Indians under Colbert, ferociously assaulted the fort commanded by Capt. Piggott, but were finally repulsed. The fort was abandoned and settlers left, many going to Kaskaskia, thus forming the first important migration of American white settlers to Illinois. Capt. Piggott established the first ferry at St. Louis.

Wickliffe has had in its past some industries such as potteries which used the clay deposits; also other factories.

Apparently the most flourishing business has been that of F. A. King of Paducah who bought the twenty-five acre factory site and opened the Indian mounds thereon. He uncovered the remains of a past civilization. About 150 skeletons are in a small area under one roof besides remains of what he interprets as places of worship and council meetings under two roofs. It is said that more than 40,000 people have visited here within a year. Clay has been removed from above the skeletons but they lie unmoved from the clay upon which they have lain for so long.

These remains are similar to those at Dickson's Mound near Peoria though not quite so well preserved. All such places should be under the care of governmental or educational authority, as Mr. King said he wished this to be after he had finished excavating. Too often, such finds are removed and scattered without yielding information about prehistoric men such as the anthropologist may disclose. This place is advertised on roadsides as "The Ancient Buried City."

Aside from the fee at the mound, the stop at Wickliffe is not expensive. Our party went to the most expensive hotel which we could find and got a chicken dinner with all the fixings well prepared and served by an intelligent colored waitress for the enormous sum of thirty cents. Note—This was fifteen years ago.

The return trip may be by Cairo or Mound City. If the day is not too far spent, a short drive south to Bardwell and a longer drive northeast from there on a good road which leads right into Paducah, will give a good view of rural western Kentucky. Tobacco, cotton, corn and legumes are grown on the best land. Some is gullied and without crops. There is an occasional good stock farm with well-painted buildings. Route 51 may also be followed farther south to Fulton, from whence Route 45 will return you to Paducah, through Mayfield, on Route 45.

Mayfield is a beautiful city of 8,500, which appears larger. Fine residences, almost palatial in appearance, are in the east part of town. The most outstanding thing is in the cemetery in the north edge of town. In 1894, H. G. Woolridge erected in a cemetery lot, life-size statues of himself (two, one standing, one on horseback), his three grown sisters, three grown brothers, his father and mother, his little sister and a childhood sweetheart according to local tradition. There are also figures of his fox hound, his deer hound, a fox, and a deer, besides a shaft bearing inscriptions, and an above-ground tomb where he was laid to rest in 1899.

Almost daily visitors to Mayfield or passing tourists drive through this cemetery to see these gray stone images, which are fairly well executed pieces of the stone cutter's art; and to see and ponder over this strange way of disposing of a sixty thousand dollar fortune. The group crowded on to one cemetery lot is in view from Route 45 at the turn just east of the passage under the railroad tracks coming into the city from the north.

CARBONDALE

Carbondale "claims" Crab Orchard Lake, and Makanda State Park, so their spokesman says, modestly forgetting the Southern Illinois State Normal University and the city's transportation facilities as assets. In a larger sense, all of Southern Illinois claims the lake, the park, and the normal school. It is like the case of the fish which had eaten three other fish before the fisherman caught it. Carbondale, normal school, park, and the lake with the fish in it, all are assets of Southern Illinois.

We shall visit the lake first since it is impossible to get to Carbondale from the east without passing over part of it. Then, in addition it is worth driving around quite a bit to behold it. It was begun in the depression, a Federal project. Some said it was to please the voters of the congressional district, others that it was to give work to the many idle workers in the nearby coal fields, and the rumor was that it was intended for an inland landing place for amphibian planes in time of war. It did all of these except the last. And that was not a bad guess for possibly the great munitions war plant would not have been located just east of the lake with its abundant supply of water if there had been no lake. Whatever the motives that promoted it, the ultimate good will far outweigh the immediate benefits of its making.

Nature had more to do with the location of Crab Orchard Lake than the casual observer might suppose. Geologists tell us that a lake existed in nearly the same location as the present one, in one of the glacial periods, the same lake that broke over its borders near the school building at Cobden to deposit some small boulders from the floating ice. There was, a few years ago, a deep, north sloping gulch, cut in the slope that held tons of boulders probably left as the ice melted near the south shore of Lake Crab Orchard. The name of the present lake was given on account of Crab Orchard Creek which is submerged under the water which now overspreads its lake-bottom valley.

The lake is becoming a mecca for fishermen. Its 7,000-acre area with reed- and grass-studded inlets gives a wide range for boating and fishing. There are numerous arrangements for picnics on or near the drive around it. The base for boats, the main parking space, and the concessions are near the dam on the west side, reached by a short spur off of Route 13. Much landscaping was done before the recent war. The most noticeable feature of this is the young pine trees which are now beginning to make a showing. Such groups are to be seen as we go farther south into either the west or east unit of the Shawnee National Forest.

No city in this area has better railroad and bus transportation facilities than Carbondale. Railroad and bus employees are a sizeable part of the population.

The thing that contributes most to Carbondale's prominence as a city is the Southern Illinois State Normal University, the second great normal school established in the state, built in 1874. Other cities to the north strove for its location but without success. It is the only college left in this area. Its curriculum has been broadened to meet the needs

of this large region and populations which have no other high ranking college near. Expansion of its facilities have been extensive in recent times. Plans for the future already in process of execution give promise of its leadership in having the greatest enrollment of any normal school in the midwest.

Its museum contains large collections, specimens and historical data relative to the early life of the people who lived in the territory touched by the influence of this school.



GIANT CITY STATE PARK

Giant City State Park is an outstanding example of what a small community can do if all of its inhabitants pull together. The location is twelve miles south of Carbondale near Makanda, population 258, which in turn is near Route 51 reached by a short spur. You may also come to Makanda and the Park over an all-weather road from the south by way of Cobden or from the north from a junction a little west of Crab Orchard Lake, on Route 13. The old road from Carbondale came by way of Boskydell up the valley. This valley road which paralleled the railroad toward Cobden was a hard road in many places before hard

roads were invented in Illinois. It was a rocky road to travel. Up this valley the cold waters of the Ice Ages crept to barely overflow at the north edge of Cobden. There must have been some melting ice with it for a few glacial boulders flowed over the "South Pass" which was also the easiest way for the Illinois Central Railroad to get over the hump of the Illinois Ozarks. The Makanda Hill leading up to the present Route 51 was a terror to travelers. But it was not as bad as the one nearby straight east, and straight up—almost. Model T Fords climbed it. If gas in the tank was low, the only way they could go up the hill was backwards for the gas would then flow by gravity toward the engine. Makanda was and is yet a most picturesque little town. Its homes are perched at different elevations on both sides of the narrow valley.

I rode up this hill once with the Makanda undertaker. As we passed a cemetery he pointed out the grave of a man whom he had buried there three times. The man had come to a nearby neighborhood a stranger, had stayed and acquired property but gave no account of his past. After he died and was buried, people who thought they might be his relatives and heirs came and had the body disinterred. This was repeated by other claimants. Hence the tale of the three-in-one burial.

The present route to the Park is north from Makanda, then east, and then you follow the signs. The road is well graded. Near the turn to the east and on the north side of the road is the Stone Fort, where stood a wall of stone across a neck of a bluff where approach was from one direction only, since the three-sided bluff was easily defended. This prehistoric fort, though sometimes thought to be the work of the early Spanish explorers, is somewhat similar to the Old Stone Fort southeast of the village of Stonefort in Saline County. There is a tradition that an old brass cannon was found there, indicative of Spanish origin.

Many visitors to Giant City Park never see the Giant City, a cluster of tower-like rocks which bore the name long before Illinois had any state parks. The original area of the "City" was only a few acres as compared with the 1162 acres acquired by the state in 1927.

The enthusiastic citizens of Makanda were accused of enrolling every grown-up male there and in the surrounding territory in their Commercial Club. The best photographers were obtained to "take" the scenery and these pictures, including the one of the large commercial club together with sundry other exhibits, induced the legislature to buy the land. One man said that the road down to Makanda and over to the present park site was then so steep that the legislators could not get down to see so they took the citizens' word for it and made the purchase.

Southern Illinois is so studded with areas suitable for parks and playgrounds that there may have been dozens of other locations as good but the cold fact remains that the Makanda boys got a park while the others stood by and made no serious effort. So much for small town enterprise.

The park is a beautiful place. The roads are scenic. They are easily traveled all the year round. There are enticing foot paths. Picnic and

recreation facilities are ample. Giant City Lodge, of native stone and logs, is beautiful and commodious. There are twelve completely furnished overnight cabins. The buildings and the view from them make it an ideal spot for small gatherings, supervised scout and other organized encampments, and any not-too-large aggregations, to meet

Whether it be a half hour's drive or a week's stay, time consumed here is well spent. There is room for gay parties or for strolling alone. Either way, the lure of the Ozark Hills is here. The atmosphere is right for the artist with brush or pen. It is not far from here where stood the tall poplar, a land mark for miles around which marked the scene of Mary Tracy Earle's story of "The Tree on the Hilltop," a tale of the Civil War times

The wildlife is that of the Ozark hill country. There is a small herd of deer such as formerly were plentiful. They are in a hillside enclosure by the main circuit drive.



Lodge—Giant City Park

Courtesy Illinois Dept. of Public Works and Buildings

BLOSSOM TIME IN THE ILLINOIS OZARKS

Following the cold and rain and dreariness of winter and early spring, there is nothing more cheering than a drive through the Ozark hills when the peaches or apples are in bloom. Then it is, along about the last week in March or the first two in April, that whole hill tops and valley slopes stretching as far as the eye can reach are solid masses of pink or white.

This outburst of color, coming before the leaves appear on most trees, is seen best from the hill tops in Johnson, Massac, and Union counties. Hundreds of acres of orchard are on either side of Route 45 between Stonefort and Bloomfield. Other large orchards are too far from the road to be seen. All the more suitable sites in and near the area bounded by lines connecting New Burnside, Ozark, Tunnel Hill, Creal Springs and back to Stonefort are devoted to fruit growing. The industry was developed within the last sixty years; most of it within the last thirty-five years.

The Union County orchards got their start earlier with the coming of the Illinois Central Railroad which gave transportation service. The soil and climate gave Union County a decided advantage in getting fruit and vegetables to the Chicago market ahead of competitors. The more southern counties of Alexander, Pulaski, and Massac are able to get their strawberries, rhubarb, cut flowers, and early fruits to market a week ahead of other counties in the state. Villa Ridge with its sandy soil is the first to get its products on the market. The spring temperatures often range 10 degrees higher south of the hills. The high hill tops of the Ozarks are especially suited to tree fruits on account of the excellent air drainage into the deep valleys on frosty nights.

Fruit and vegetable growing are the chief industries in an area extending southeast from Carbondale and running east of Bosky Dell, Makanda, Cobden and Anna, then from Anna to Alto Pass, Pomona and on to Carbondale. Thousands of acres are devoted to tree fruits, strawberries, asparagus, rhubarb, cut flowers, tomatoes, cucumbers, and blackberries. Gross receipts, in a single season, of \$1,000 per acre have been had from each of the following: peaches, apples, strawberries, and asparagus.

Let no one rush into the fruit growing business after reading the above. Let the peach growers case answer why. First, there is the original cost of trees and suitable growers' land. Not any clay will do. There is land preparation and planting. Trees must be sprayed with lime-sulphur or oil-emulsion against San Jose scale and treated with paradichlorobenzine ("P. D. B.") to prevent borers from girdling the growing tissues near the ground surface, every year. They must be carefully pruned. At four or five years of age they may bloom if it is a peach year. Then they must be sprayed with arsenicals to keep the fruit from being wormy, several times from blossoming time to near maturity. Sulphur must be used near ripening time to prevent dry rot. All these materials are expensive and the labor is considerable. They must be pruned every year. If there is a crop, the thinning is expensive. The writer removed 2,800 young peaches from a single tree in 1931 and left so many that the fruit was too small at ripening. It took the equivalent of one man working forty days to thin

six acres. Recently, the Oriental peach moth has come and the remedy has not been found except to dig out the late maturing varieties ("white clings," etc.) to prevent greater damage to the earlier varieties. Gathering, sorting, packing, and marketing are expensive.

In 1930, there were no peaches in Illinois on account of severe cold in mid-winter, hence less expense and no income at all. Many of the trees were killed in 1931; there was such a surplus that the crop did not more than pay expenses in 1932; the greater part of the buds are often killed by a March freeze. Those who have a partial crop, often find the local market no better than in years when there is no frost injury.

During the ten years following the First World War, there were a few good crops at good prices and some fortunes were made in fruit. Then came over production and the late-comers lost.

Fruit tree buds are not formed in the winter or spring but in the summer before. Temperatures of 10 degrees below zero or lower kill peach buds. Apples are slightly more resistant. At blossom time, a heavy frost kills either.

If one wishes to see the peach blossoms the last of March or the first of April, or the apple blossoms a week or two later, the round trip through Vienna, Anna, and Carbondale is best. Alto Pass should be visited off to the west of Route 52.

Two good crops of peaches and early apples with good prices in the years 1944 and 1945, will no doubt stimulate production and repeated disappointment.

ANNA JONESBORO

ANNA-JONESBORO are twin cities each having a railroad. They have much in common. The high school is in Jonesboro on the site of an old college whose buildings are still in use. The newer main building of the high school is adjacent to a natural outdoor amphitheater. Jonesboro has the court house. One of the Lincoln-Douglas debates was held in a grove away from the center of the town. It is said that older men who heard the debate were called in to locate the exact place when the platform was built and that they disagreed. A monument was erected at the spot which seemed most likely to be correct.

Anna has the State Hospital for the Insane near its east border. The drive to the Hospital, including the circuit within the grounds past the numerous buildings, should be taken because it gives the visitor a better knowledge of how the state cares for its wards.

THE SALTPETER CAVE

Route 127, from a junction with Route 13 southeast of Murphysboro to Jonesboro and Cairo, is a newer highway less scenic than Route 51 from Carbondale to Cairo by way of Anna, but has a less number of steep hills. It does have many attractions for the tourist.

One of these is the Saltpeter Cave which cannot be seen from the road. Neither is the presence of such a large spectacle suspected.

After passing Etherton Switch on the M. O. & G. Railroad going south, Cedar Creek is crossed on an attractive bridge. It is said that railroad irons were brought up the Big Muddy by boat from the Mississippi nearly a century ago, then up Cedar Creek to the vicinity of this concrete bridge. Here they were unloaded from the boats and hauled overland to where the Illinois Central Railroad track was being laid south of Carbondale.

The valley of Cedar Creek extends to the southeast from this bridge on Route 127 and then nearly south between high hills. Saltpeter Cave is at the head of a deep canyon which extends east from the creek about a half mile to very near Route 127 at a point a mile south of Cedar Creek bridge. Tom Cat Hill, the road rather steep but well graded, is the one we ascended on the highway to near the head of the canyon. There is then a depression and another rise still higher up, at the top of which the stop should be made. The cave is not really a cave. It is a huge overhanging canyon head, a semi-circle of about 145 feet radius.

Spread a large umbrella, remove the handle, and set it on the floor. Then shear off the west half and you have left a model of the under contour of the cave as it would appear to a dwarf two inches tall standing under what had been the center of the umbrella. The place where the dwarf might stand is where the water drops 140 feet when it pours down from above. The floor plan of the cave is that of a semi-circle with a 145-foot radius drawn from where the water falls from the overhanging cliff; that is, the radius on the canyon floor would about reach the place where the receding roof slopes down to the ground.

Leave the car and go west down the gentle slope among the scattered bushes and trees. Any valley slope leads to the canyon head to either the south or west side where it is not difficult to climb down. I went down the south side and up the north side to get out.

There are remains of camp or picnic fires but no evidence of saltpeter. The tradition is that this ingredient of gunpowder was obtained there in the early times.

The magnitude of this overhanging canyon head so close to what appears to be ordinary Ozark Hill country is its appeal to man's sense of the majestic. The distance from the highway is but a few hundred feet.

Pomona is a short distance south but west of Route 127. Inquiry should be made at or near Pomona if the stranger drives from the south. There are two other saltpeter caves, one south of Boskeydell about a mile and west of the railroad and the other about five miles north of Grimsby.

OLD BROWNSVILLE AND VICINITY

The drive southwest from Murphysboro on Route 144 is a delightful one. It has both scenic and historic interest. The route leaves at the southwest corner of Murphysboro, branching from Route 13. After about three miles, a row of white charcoal kilns may be seen in the valley to the left on the right of way of the Murphysboro and Grand Tower branch of the Illinois Central Railroad. A gravel road leads down from the pavement.

In war time, a carload a week of charcoal for making ammunition was shipped away. Soft wood was used for this purpose, oak and hickory for charcoal pots and burners. This latter kind is sold in sacks to tourists and others who enjoy the flavor and odors of bacon and other savory foods cooked out of doors. Other charcoal kilns are operated at Belknap and Tamms.



Charcoal Ovens at Tamms

Old Brownsville is no more, only fertile farm land divided by the railroad which, if it had been built before the village perished, might have been its salvation. Selected as a town site in the early days, because of the approach by water up the Big Muddy River, it died when other means of transportation were available and traffic on smaller rivers became uncertain as man cleared away the forests which regulated water flow. The site is on low ground, but not too low, and there is plenty of high ground on either side of the river for a beautifully located city. The difficult means of approach now emphasizes the isolation which so often means the death knell of what might have been prosperous cities.

The most permanent and interesting reminder of the once thriving community is the old cemetery at the north edge of the valley where many of the early inhabitants are buried. It is overgrown with forest. It is said that no burial has been made there since 1843. The graves are marked with slabs and monuments mostly of native sandstone on which the inscriptions are growing dim. Family names now current in Southern Illinois may be deciphered.

This historic spot is reached by walking southwest on the railroad tracks from the charcoal kilns mentioned above, a distance of one and one-fourth miles. The site is recognized by a crossing and farm gates on both sides of the right of way.

About 150 people or thirty families once lived in this little valley where now a few foundation stones and the cemetery are the only physical evidence of the busy life that prospered here. There were four stores a hatter, a saddler, two doctors, two lawyers, nine carpenters, three teachers, and one blacksmith.

It was once the county seat of Jackson County. There were a court house and a jail. Some of the early inhabitants were leaders in the pioneer days of Illinois. One was Alexander Jackson, the first Lieutenant Governor of Illinois and first president of the Illinois Central Railroad. Conrad Will was the first State Senator from Jackson County. He was one of the men who wrote the first constitution of the state and was later a member of the Legislature. He operated the salt works. The presence of salt springs was one reason for the coming of the earlier settlers to this place. Another was that it was then really the head of navigation from the Mississippi River by way of the Big Muddy though it is recorded that material for construction of part of the main line of the Illinois Central Railroad was carried as far up stream as the present railroad bridge north of Carbondale.

Supplies for the settlers were brought up on flat boats and produce was sent down for the southern trade. A ferry gave passage to the region south and east of the Big Muddy.

The town was founded by Conrad Will in 1816. He was a Pennsylvania Dutch physician and promoter. Alexander Jenkins, later Lieutenant Governor of the state, was apprenticed as a boy to Conrad Will to learn the carpenter trade.

The presence of salt springs and later of bored wells contributed to the importance of this early metropolis. The Muddy Valley Salines was a general name for the region. Early litigation over titles to the land came about on account of Federal control of the salt springs which were of such vital importance to the early settlers. The old wagon road approach from Route 144 is privately owned and it is not passable all the way by cars. For strangers, the most easily found route is on foot from the charcoal kilns. It is best to go when the leaves are off the trees in the cemetery. The author made the trip successfully on a hot day in August when the foliage was dense.

Nothing remains except slight traces of the old water mill and slight elevations and depressions where buildings stood. I could not tell where the homes, the tannery, the distillery south of town, or the ferry landing had been. Brownsville was the county seat of Jackson County from 1816 to 1845, though the courthouse had burned in 1843.

AN INDIAN RESERVATION

A reservation of the Kaskaskia Indians situated southwest of Murphysboro was occupied as such as late as 1867. The Indians were at that time removed by agreement to lands which were assigned to them in north-western Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. They have since been known officially as the Peorias on account of earlier connections with Indians of that name. In 1895, the tribe in Oklahoma numbered only 195 hardly one of whom was of pure Indian blood.

The reservation was almost directly south of Sand Ridge which is on Route 144 five or six miles southwest of Murphysboro. The Big Muddy River which is crossed on Route 13 just east of Murphysboro, trends nearly west for about four miles through the hills and then turns south and emerges onto the plain a little north of Sand Ridge. Route 144 is somewhat parallel to the river course but some distance away to the north and west till near Sand Ridge. The reservation was rectangular extending northwest and southeast, touching the Big Muddy at the northeast corner and at the south end. To be exact, it was in parts of Sections 10, 12, 21, 22, 27 and 28 of Township Range 3 west and 9 south, if anyone wishes the location in legal terms.

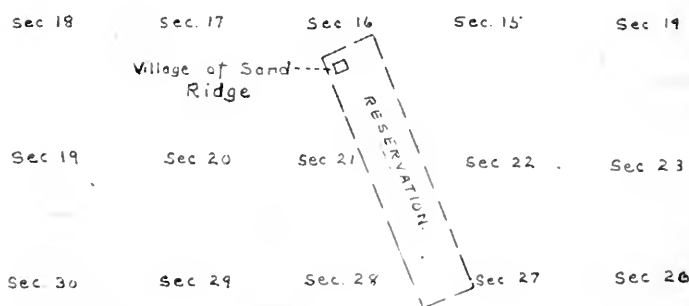
The Kaskaskia Indians were a part of the Illinois Confederacy with whom the Jesuits had dealings. They were sometimes confused with the Peorias in the early records. Their chief village was supposed to be near Utica in LaSalle County. Marquette said that they had 74 cabins at first and more than 100 in 1674 when he returned. There were 351 cabins in 1677. Probably some related tribes from the Mississippi from whence the Kaskaskias had come earlier, were living with them on the Illinois. Some very interesting excavations of a large village site in this vicinity have been unearthed in recent times. The cabins on this particular site were evidently built partly in the ground with earth banked about the logs for warmth. Only those things that were buried remain. The fireplaces are located by charcoal and bones and fragments of pottery. Much of Indian life in those days is revealed by the systematic records that are kept of these diggings. The village mentioned must have existed both before and after the white men came. There are but few of the white man's tools found though a silver cross indicates contact with the French.

About 1700, the Kaskaskias and some related tribes moved as far south as Kaskaskia in Randolph County where they stayed for a long time. They were reported to number 600 in 1764; in 1778, there were but 210, living three miles north of the French village of Kaskaskia, greatly debauched and degenerated.

The tribe took part in treaty making with Anthony Wayne and William H. Harrison. In the treaty of 1803, at Vincennes, it was stated that the Kaskaskias constituted "the remains of and rightfully represent all the tribes of the Illinois Indians, originally called the Kaskaskias, Mitchigamia, Cahokia and Tamaroi." In a treaty of 1832, they ceded all their lands east of the Mississippi except a tract reserved to Ellen Ducoigne, the daughter of their late chief. In 1854, they ceded part of the above reservation except 160 acres for each member of the tribe and ten sections as a tribal reserve. This was evidently the reservation near Sand Ridge where the remnant stayed till their removal to Oklahoma. The map does not show so much territory. It is said that they felt free to hunt and fish and roam about in all the adjacent unoccupied territory and held the small reservation as their village site and home.

There is little left today to indicate that they were there. Enough has been excavated to tell where they lived and that they had a burial ground. The village is reported to have had 40 or 50 tents (not cabins) in 1846 and 1847. The casual traveler would not be able to locate the site without a guide.

It is interesting to know that Brownsville, once the third largest town in Illinois and the first county seat of Jackson County, was located on the Big Muddy a little north of Sand Ridge. The Big Muddy was navigable then. Reference is made elsewhere that the first engine used on the Illinois Central Railroad north of Carbondale is said to have been taken on a boat up the river to the track north of Carbondale. Nothing is left to identify the town site except some rock fragments in a field. See the separate title, Old Brownsville.



Reservation of Kaskaskia Indians Until They Went West in the 1830's-Township 9.South Range-3-West-

Kaskaskia Indian Reservation

As the journey is made from Murphysboro to Fountain Bluff over a good road near these places, little can be seen but much can be imagined of the unrecorded activities of these original owners of the land and the later pioneer settlers who lived at first among the Indians.

There are records in Randolph County to indicate that there was also a Kaskaskia Indian Reservation in the north edge of that county which may have extended into Perry County. The government surveyor's plat book in the circuit clerk's office at Murphysboro shows this reservation in Sections 3 and 4 of Township 7 South, Range 3 West. This is seven miles east and two miles north of Campbell Hill.

BALD KNOB

Two outstanding hills are landmarks in the Southern Illinois Ozarks. They are Williams Hill, 1,065 feet above sea level, in Pope County, and Bald Knob, 1,030 feet, in Union County, which may be seen to the westward of Route 51 in the vicinity of Cobden. It is southwest of Alto Pass.

A good road to Alto Pass branches from Route 51 at the northwest edge of Cobden. This is one of the most scenic roads of all this region. It is on a high, narrow ridge with valleys on both sides part of the way. It is not hilly after the first ascent. Cobden at the east end of this ridge road, is located where the railroad found the easiest way over this east and west range of the Ozarks. It was early called South Pass and Alto Pass was West Pass. The Illinois Central Railroad climbs up a narrow valley all the way from Bosky Dell near Carbondale, through Makanda to Cobden and then descends after getting through the pass. The Mobile and Ohio likewise appropriates the west pass and so the town of Alto Pass came to be. Another approach to Alto Pass from Route 51 is over a broader ridge beginning two and a half miles north of Cobden. It is about five miles to Alto Pass from Cobden. Both of these ridge roads off of Route 51 pass through some of the finest orchards of this wonderful fruit growing region. The fine country homes in the vicinity of Alto Pass attest to the prosperity that fruit growing brought in the past. Some of these homes overlook the lower hills and valleys lying south of the ridge extending on to the southwest twenty-five miles to the Missouri hills across the Mississippi. Bald Knob stands up two or three miles to the west.

The two ridge roads unite a mile and a half southeast of the town. The Mobile and Ohio Railroad tracks also approach from the southeast. Near the town, they are at the foot of the bluff near which the road runs. Bare ledges and boulders of brown sandstone with straggling cedars mark the place. This is a good place to broil the bacon or steaks that have been brought along or to spread out the lunch, whatever it may be. What is there that whets the appetite on a cool day more than the odor of broiling bacon or steak held over a fire of cedar twigs on a forked stick? On two or three occasions when looking cautiously over the cliff down to the tracks, I have seen a ground hog climbing into his hole in the bluff.

This is a good lookout point. Bald Knob appears to be very near across the valley westward. It is in reality a good two miles as the bird flies. The actual traveling distance is nearly twice that and seems much more to one who tries it.

The road goes through the town and west and then south. The steep ascent begins in about two miles. There is a road all the way to the top and cars make the trip up. I once drove to within a quarter mile of the top, parked my car and walked the remainder of the way up because the road was so difficult to climb.

Now there is a well graded road all the way up. Tourists now come from afar for the view across valleys and lower hilltops, a scene which presents a panoramic view of a large area of the Illinois Ozarks.



Pomona Natural Bridge

(Courtesy Shawnee Reforestation Unit)

Only the top and some of the western slope of the hill are bald. The timber has been cut over in past generations. Most of the slopes are too rocky for cultivation so the young trees grow up to replace the older ones. The old Rendelman farmhouse, at the summit, has long stood outlined against the sky. It and the old fruit trees about it were seen plainly with a field glass from the lookout east of Alto Pass.

From the top, the unaided eye receives the impression of a great panorama of hills and valleys spread in all directions. The valley of Clear Creek, which rises about four miles southeast of the Knob near Kaolin, comes directly to the foot of the hill, meets Seminary Fork, and makes

an abrupt right angle turn to the southwest. Thus the view is up one valley and down another, the last one extending for twenty miles or more. When the Mississippi is very high, its waters can be seen away down at the end of this long valley plain. Field glasses or a telescope aid in bringing out more details. By such means, Cape Girardeau, Missouri, may be seen.

After getting back to Alto Pass, two other trips are possible. One is north four miles or more to Pomona. In a wood lot a short distance northeast of Pomona, there is a very perfect natural bridge, not so large as the one in Pope County but correct from an engineering standpoint and set in appropriate surroundings. Inquire at Pomona for the location of the bridge.

Another trip full of interest is by way of the road directly south out of Alto Pass down the valley of Clear Creek for several miles to the southwest and then across the Mississippi bottom lands past Wolf Lake then northwest toward Grand Tower or southwest toward Cape Girardeau.

An Easter morning service is an annual event which attracts visitors from far and near.

PINE HILLS SKYLINE DRIVE

One of the most inspiring places in all the Illinois Ozarks is along the top of the Pine Hills for a distance of several miles. You imagine that you are at the top of the world and on the comb of the roof at that for the ridge is high and the tree covered slopes are steep. Native pines make up part of the forest. This is the only place in Southern Illinois that such are found.

It is possible to go west from Alto Pass north of Bald Knob and then southeasterly to an approach at the north end of the hills.

A better start may be west from Jonesboro on Route 146 to a blacktop road leading north to a sign, "State Forest." Go west through the State Forest, see the sign, "Pine Hill Road," about two miles west of the State Forest. Turn north to the top of the ridge past an old CCC camp, up the double hairpin curve, and continue north on the ridge. The road is well graded and safe.

There are lookout spots provided to give views for many miles in all directions. Field glasses help. I saw two dead rattlesnakes by the roadside once. They are said to have become scarce. I would be cautious in wandering down the slopes. Do not be afraid on the top.

Take the left turns after descending at the north end finally going south near the west bluff of the ridge with the Big Muddy River on the other side of the road. The bluff rises 200 feet at your left and you drive almost under it. The river with its beaver dams is near at your right. The Missouri Pacific Railroad, also, has its tracks along with the highway and the Big Muddy. The road finally brings you out at Wolf Lake on Route 3 by a right turn as you leave the hills and the river.

Powder mills have been located about a mile from Wolf Lake for a long time.

Some say that the reverse of this last trip is better. Going this way, start at Wolf Lake. Then, after the turn north toward and by the bluff, some ponds fed by springs are at the east of the road. Across the road from the second pond, look for the beaver dams. You may not see the beavers for they are shy.

Rocky hills to the northwest of the hills toward Rattlesnake Ferry have a road but there is no bridge or ferry now.

If you really yearn for snakes you might find them in that vicinity.

KAOLIN

Kaolin is a clay-like material found in several scattered localities in the Illinois Ozarks. Kaolin is used in making porcelain and wall tile, in sandpaper, in paper as a filling, and in making white-wares of various designs. It is a fine type of clay formed by the decay of hard rock. It is more abundant in Europe than in the United States. Much is imported. It burns in the kiln to a beautiful white color, hence its value for making porcelain and a filler in white paper.

The deposits occur in deep pits in valleys where the disintegrating rock of the once mountain sized Ozark hills have worn down to the present elevation.

Kaolin is the designation of a switch on the G. M. & O. Railroad. It formerly had a store and several houses, two or three of which are yet standing in the neighborhood.

At the close of the Second World War, many of the deposits were not being mined for lack of manpower and a market. Two large pits which we visited were filled with water which must be pumped out before they can be mined again. The pits extend to considerable depth so that there is no natural drainage. The clay-like deposits range in colors from white, pink, brown, yellow, red, and intermediate shades, but white is the typical color.

Present methods of mining do not differ much from the time when the potter's wheel was supplied with "dirt" dug with spades and hauled by ox-teams except that steam shovels, tractors, and trucks do the work more quickly.

We approached Kaolin going south on the blacktop about four miles from Alto Pass, then east on a good all weather road, continuing a half

mile past a church to a narrow gravel road which is west of and in sight of the G. M. & O. tracks. This narrow road to the south brought us nearer toward Kaolin. Mr. M. V. Angell, post office address, Cobden, lives near the switch and he guided us west on foot over a haulage road to a water filled pit of great depth. The kaolin exposed on the bank above the water was white tinged with shades of yellow, brown, and rose pink. Retracing our steps, we returned to the car and drove a short distance till we crossed the railroad tracks. We came to a bridge over a small stream but stopped to walk southeast along the edge of a field near the stream to a place where kaolin had been mined from a shaft which is now abandoned. Here, I tried my camera on Mr. Angell, 72 years old, who said that he had never before had his picture taken. A bed of waste material from the shaft gave a display worth going many miles to see. Wherever a chip of shale or a pebble, or wood lay on the surface, it capped a miniature column, shaft, or spire of the easily eroded material below, giving the effect of a picture of the Staked Plains of the west. Falling rain left these shafts from an inch to two or three inches high with thin, tiny caps looking like a fabled city of dwarf citadels, chimneys, and lookout posts. Attempts at close-up pictures under a dark sky were failures.

We crossed the bridge with the car, continuing south on the east side of the railroad to a roadway across the tracks which roadway we followed on foot, first along a haulage road through the woods to a second, large, water-filled open pit. On our return, before recrossing the tracks to the car, we followed the switch south to a loading shed where a quantity of kaolin was stored awaiting shipment. We were in the midst of what had once been the village of Kaolin. These directions may be confusing but they should be helpful if they are supplemented by inquiry in the neighborhood.

Another approach is from the southwest corner of Cobden about two miles west till the M. O. & Gulf Railroad tracks are crossed. Then turn south keeping near the railroad to Mountain Glen and continue on about another mile to the road from the west, mentioned above, but continue south for stops at the kaolin pits and the switch at Kaolin.

OLIVE BRANCH TO ELCO

No where can a more pleasant, leisurely drive be taken through hills and valleys, not too high or too low, than between Olive Branch to Elco. There are silica mines at both of them. There is also a mine just east of Olive Branch. The gravel road is well kept, and winds about. There is little danger of getting lost if the driver keeps in mind that Elco is east and north of Olive Branch. There is up and down going also but not of the tiresome, dangerous kind. The way is up one valley of a rocky streambed and down another. Much of the way is timbered coun

try with scattered farm land and homes, some small and dilapidated and some more modern and well kept. The road crosses and recrosses the small streams nearly always on concrete beds which the water goes over in flood times. It would be better to stay out in time of a heavy rain because a torrent rushes over these substitutes for bridges when the water comes down the hill slopes like rain off a roof. There is a great variety of trees and vines. The wild honeysuckle drapes itself in many places along the road. The honeysuckle is a very pleasing feature of the landscape in the south slopes of the Ozarks all the way down to Cairo. Mistletoe is more common as one goes south. The divide between the two stream valleys which the road follows is nearer Elco than Olive Branch. One is scarcely over the last concrete crossing of one stream bed till he finds himself crossing another.

There are several exposures of the silica deposits along the road in the hillsides or where the streams and the work of man expose it.

Silica is the hard material in sand. Its occurrence for processing at the mills is in a pure form. It is ground and crushed into a fine powder being worn down by still harder rocks in a revolving cylinder. These hard rocks become rounded down to the size and smoothness of a hen egg, when they are discarded.

Several grades of fineness are produced, each having its special use. Silica is used mainly in fine pottery. Other uses are in paints, polishing powders, soaps, sandpaper, and in filters.

Ganister, which is similar, being also a quartz sand, is mined west of Mill Creek. There are said to be two producers of ganister in this region.



Entrances of Abandoned Silica Mine



Large Sassafras Tree—West Division—

Courtesy Shawnee Reference — 1

REYNOLDSVILLE TO KORNTAL

History is enjoyed by many people who read the stories of dead kings

and cities that have vanished. Others get a thrill when they find themselves standing where history has been made. Those who delight in combining travel and history often find such pleasures without going far from home. The residents of extreme Southern Illinois may find such satisfaction in and near the Illinois Ozark region. Visitors from afar are often amazed at the wealth of natural and historic interests which they find here. Hundreds of such places are unappreciated by those who live near them, and they also remain unknown to the visitor who sees only a panorama of successive hills and valleys as he passes through.

One small item for study and observation is the comparatively short and easy drive from Reynoldsville to Kornthal. Reynoldsville is situated on Route 3 near the Mississippi River a few miles south of the junction with Route 146 at Ware, and Kornthal is an almost extinct village marked by a switch on the Missouri, Ohio and Gulf Railway on Route 127 a few miles south of Jonesboro.

Turning east at Reynoldsville a gravel road passes through the village and then turns north where an easterly turn is made and so continues alternately east and north to Kornthal Switch. The level cultivated fields northeast of Reynoldsville are thought to be part of the site of the ancient Indian community which had its mounds and fortifications in and beyond the wooded area to the south. These evidences of occupation by a tribe where culture extended back before the coming of the white men to this section is discussed in detail by Bruce M. Merwin in *The Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* of April, 1935, and described as located on the southeast quarter of Section 30, one mile south and a half mile east of Reynoldsville in a bend of a creek.

Soon after leaving this scene of prehistoric activity, the roadway is near the expansion of Clear Creek which in a wet season in August appeared more like an inland lake. There were cranes and herons, large and small, gray and white, in great groups. We could see with glasses a train of young ducks scurrying from one growth of vegetation to another near the far side of the swampy area.

Continuing, the road winds in and out through small valleys and hills but for some distance parallels the creek or the levee which protects the fields from overflow. The site of an East St. Louis sportsman's reservation is marked by a roadside sign.

Unexpected views of woodland and cultivated fields alternate. Modern types of agriculture and some more primitive ones are in evidence. Some structures whose appearance is of architecture common to a few generations back tempt the traveler to stop to inquire into the past, since the friendly farm folk could relate happenings which should be recorded before all memory of them is lost.

Near the end of our journey, one approaches the Kornthal German Lutheran Church, more properly St. Paul's Lutheran Church. It is on a short side road running east from the main gravel road. This road formerly crossed the creek which is north and east of the church, but the

old bridge for vehicles is replaced by a suspension footbridge to the railroad switch and to highway No. 146.

The church building is unique in that it resembles some European structures. It is rectangular and two stories high with windows above and below. It has plain wooden benches and simple furnishings. The gallery above has a paneled wall high enough so that young children cannot fall over, but low enough so that the upstairs part of the audience can see the pastor in the elevated pulpit as they sit on the two rows of benches extending around on three sides. Those in the gallery cannot see the audience below and are not seen by those on the main floor but all can see the pulpit. I found an American paper printed in German on one of the benches, evidence that all trace and tradition of the spirit that led the early pioneer settlers to bring from the fatherland that which was good while they might enjoy the opportunities of a free America which they helped to build.

And so they built this church and maintained their faith in their God. It appears that the adherents of the church are now less in number and finances less plentiful. Inter-marriage and removal to other parts as the pioneers have died and the younger generations have taken on more and more a part of that mixture of traditions and forms that we call America, have led to the inevitable trend that results in new ways, new structures, and new ideas. This is the fate of many country villages and churches.

The pastor's residence stands in a magnificent grove of grand old trees, one of which measures nearly eighteen feet in circumference. Several boxwood trees are near the home.

The Rev. Frank Englehart came here fifty years ago to teach in the school. The school building stands north of the church. It is now unused. The Rev. Englehart and his amiable wife give the visitor a feeling of peace and security in this era of activity and uncertainty. Here, so close to the traffic that whizzes by on the highway but in the quiet afforded by the trees that intervene, one feels as he comes in from Reynoldsville that he is a long way from the hurry and bustle that disturbs the serenity of life such as this good man of God has experienced in the many years during which he has been the shepherd of his faithful followers.

It is not necessary to come to Kornthal (interpreted to me as "corn valley") by way of Reynoldsville, but the effect is better to come that way. The way out is by the gravel road north a short distance, then east and on across the railroad tracks to the highway which leads south to Cairo or north to Jonesboro only a few miles away.

Kornthal once had a flour mill, a box factory, and a sawmill situated north of the church and west of the creek. A part of the stone building which was the mill is still standing. Sam Cook's distillery was once a landmark. Now, three or four scattered homes are seen. This removal of industry and the attractions of the larger nearby towns have contributed to the dwindling influence of what was once a thriving little village.

THE INDIANS

The Indians which were in Southern Illinois when the first white settlers came, were peaceable. The Shawnees ranged from Shawneetown westward. The Kaskaskias were in the Northwest toward the Mississippi River. The Osages were in Missouri, being occasional visitors in the Illinois Ozarks. The Indian massacres mentioned elsewhere are charged largely to tribes living away from Illinois. There was no density of Indian population.

The Cherokees were here following their expulsion from Georgia on their way to new homes in Indian Territory. They had been a peace-loving people. They had good houses, farms, and machinery, such as their white neighbors owned. They had an alphabet and a written language. Some of them owned slaves. Threats, persecutions, murders, and laws forbidding them to own real estate, made it easier for them to be induced to go to a new country which some of their leaders were bribed to recommend. They went at different times, and by different routes.

Army officers conducted some of the groups. Others were guided by civilian contractors. Their own leaders guided some of them. The headwaters of the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers were near enough to some of their homes to make transportation by flatboats convenient and inexpensive. One such group crossed the Ohio at Golconda and made their way overland. They had wagons, horses, and household goods such as they were permitted or found it possible to bring. A marker on the highway between West Vienna and Anna-Jonesboro indicates the valley nearby where a large number of them were encamped in winter on account of the cold. A great number of them died of exposure. It is said that Chief Wetaug was one of those who traveled alone or in small groups and that he lingered about where the village of Wetaug is located. He died there. His grave is known. It is said to be in a yard in the village.

It is told that Basil Silkwood, who conducted a tavern about a mile north of Mulkeytown in Franklin County, on the Shawneetown-St. Louis trail, had seen a negro girl sold as a slave to the Cherokees. Her name was Priscilla. He recognized her with the Indians at Jonesboro and bought her for \$1,000. She remained with the Silkwood family, joined the church, and is buried in the Reed Cemetery two or three miles northwest of the tavern which is still standing and in use as a farm home in connection with a more modern structure. Silkwood's tombstone shows that he died in 1885. Priscilla's grave is marked by a rough unlettered stone. Those of his two wives (said to be sisters) are on the other side of Basil's grave and unmarked. Priscilla brought some hollyhock seed from her home in the south. Descendants of those she brought still bloom at Silkwood's tavern. Traces of the Indian occupants whom the white men drove away, are scattered far and near. Occasionally, pieces of Aztec origin are found. At Mill Creek there is a place on a high hill west of the village where a great supply of flint of a kind particularly suited for

making scrapers and other instruments is found. Pits over a wide area in the woods are the places from which the flint was removed. Another place said to have flint better suited to arrow head manufacturing is said to be near. Specimens of these flints are found more widely distributed in other states than Illinois.

The most outstanding of the Indian structures of the Ozark region is the group known as the Kincaid Mounds near the Ohio River lowlands north of Brookport in Massac County. A fine collection of Indian wares was found in digging a cellar for a house on the largest mound more than fifty years ago. More recent excavations by the University of Chicago have not been so productive.



Kincaid Mound

FOUNTAIN BLUFF

Fountain Bluff is a wonderful feature of Southern Illinois scenery which may be enjoyed all the more when the cause of its existence is understood. It is situated about fifteen miles from Carbondale, west and a little south. The nearest good road is by way of Murphysboro and then over Route 144 through Grimsby and Sand Ridge to Gorham. The Murphysboro tornado first struck Illinois with all its fury at Gorham. There was once an Indian reservation near Sand Ridge. This is told about in another article entitled, "An Indian Reservation."

The Bluff will be recognized at a distance because it stands out as a steep-sided hill nearly 300 feet above the low lying lands north and east of it. It is about four miles long and averages a mile or more in width. The Mississippi River is west of it. There is no flood plain on either side of the river at this point, and the current is swift. It is thought that this part of the Mississippi channel is geologically recent and that once the river flowed on the level area east of Fountain Bluff where the Big Muddy River lies at the east side of this ancient flood plain.

The Missouri hills are about as high as the Bluff on the Illinois side. A branch of the Illinois Central Railroad has its track on the narrow space at the foot of the bluffs near the river. The Missouri Pacific tracks run on the plain east of the Bluff but farther out. The public highway out of Gorham comes very near the north end of the Bluff and right by the very high vertical cliffs. This is the most awe-inspiring part of the trip. The road should be followed nearly to the river and then retraced. Near the northwest corner the cliff is lower where a precipitous little valley affords a way up to the top of the ridge. A concrete dam was once built across this little gorge to make a swimming pool. The walls have given way so that the spring water now comes down unconfined as it had for centuries before man tried to change its way of doing. There are steps and a good path going up. It is a pleasant place to ramble. The paths lead up to the ridge top which is wooded. From between the trees a view far up the river almost to Chester can be had because the Illinois flood plain of the river is wide nearly that far up and the river is nearly straight. This ridge is a fine place for naturalists. The last rattlesnake that I saw was there. He gave me fair warning but was not allowed to live. The white trillium lives here along with other plant life which has become rare. The whole region should have been set aside as a reservation for the enjoyment of all the people long ago. A winding road leads up from the east side to a forestry watch tower.

The spring just mentioned is not the Fountain Spring. This is found on the road east of the Bluff. It is necessary to return to the northeast corner of the Bluff to get on this road which follows very near the cliffs and hills all along the east side and part of the south end until it turns south toward Grand Tower. It is about six miles from Gorham to Grand Tower and a beautiful drive all the way. The Fountain Bluff Spring is nearly a third of the way down from Gorham near the outlet of Happy Hollow which originates near the top of the ridge but near the river. This spring of clear cold water was until recent years as nature made it, a

true fountain where the traveler could be refreshed by the roadside. It is up a gentle slope from the road only a short distance. Now it is piped to a concrete tank which is in a fenced lot. A herd of goats delights in climbing about the ledges on the cliffs above. They are sure footed but they make one dizzy if he does not know that they know what they are about. It is a goats' paradise.

Grand Tower is named for a conical tower-like formation in the river near the Missouri shore. A boat trip up the river from Grand Tower reveals the finest river view between St. Louis and Cairo. A great fault occurred at Walker Hill south of the Bluff Hill so that the otherwise horizontal rock layers are tilted down at a distinct angle. The river has a swift current here almost like rapids. The river channel between the Bluff and Missouri is a comparatively new one. The river once ran east of the Bluff in the flat fertile plain now more than two miles wide. The Big Muddy river coming out of the hills above Sand Ridge occupies the east edge of this plain near the Ozark Hills.

The newer valley without any flood plain, west of the Bluff is cut through a high land which once connected the Bluff with the Missouri hills. One theory is that when the faulting occurred at Walker Hill, a north and south break permitted the river to start cutting its present new channel leaving its large old valley on the east to be occupied by the little stream which fits the valley as a man's shoe fits a small boy.

The great power plant of the Central Illinois Public Service Company is north of Grand Tower.



The Mississippi From Fountain Bluff

Courtesy, American Refur. Station

The Devil's Kitchen is really a promontory facing southwest toward Grand Tower. It is close to the river at the south end of the bluff. Re-

mains of a home are at the summit from which there is a fine view of the Mississippi where the current is the most rapid between St. Louis and Cairo. It is difficult to imagine how the early boatmen who came down the Ohio in flatboats were able to ascend the Father of Waters to St. Louis by means of poles to keep the boat off shore while men on shore pulled it upstream by means of ropes.



Devil's Kitchen—North of Grand Tower

HORSESHOE LAKE

Horseshoe Lake and State Game Preserve is down near Cairo close to Route 3, and just above the dog tooth bend of the Mississippi River.

The lake is an old river cutoff. The keeper's lodge is on the island where wheat is sown every autumn to help feed the many thousands of wild geese which come at the migrating season. They know that they are safe there. A few days after the close of the 1945 open season for geese, I was within the distance that one can throw a rock to them. Shooting had been stopped after 5,000 of them had been killed from blinds on privately owned land outside of the reservation. The geese knew they were safe then, outside of the preserve, for that was also "out of bounds" for hunters. I drove along the highway within gunshot range of hundreds of them. They remained undisturbed. Some were in a pasture between two sets of farm buildings which were but a few hundred feet apart. A great many geese stay at the lake all winter. They are fed there.

The overflow of the lake goes into Cache River which meanders so that the traveler is confused by so many places where he crosses it. It rises east of Anna in Union County, flows southeast to near Route 45 in Massac County, wanders back through Pulaski County into northern Union County, and then south until it almost connects with the Mississippi, but it at last drags its weary way back to the Ohio a few miles above Cairo.

EARTHQUAKES

The internal forces that formed the Illinois Ozarks have not entirely died out. Several times in the last forty years there have been slight tremors, enough to make dishes on the shelves rattle. The most pronounced one centered near Camp Cedron, a CCC camp a little north of the Hardin County line. It was felt twenty or more miles away.

Moyers' History of Pulaski County, in writing about Wetaug, says

"A large spring was found there which was probably the attraction to the Indians. The opening of this spring was about thirty feet across and the depth of it was unknown. White men settled here very early. After the building of the I. C., the railroad company placed a water tank near the spring to supply its locomotives with water."

"In 1896 an earthquake occurred which shook Southern Illinois. For several days after the quake the waters of the spring were muddy and then they began to fail. It soon became necessary for the railroad company to move its water tank to Cache River to secure a water supply."

Recent inquiry of men who were familiar with the spring at the time mentioned above recalled that it had existed as stated by Mr. Moyer and that it no longer was there.

I am appending below an extract, taken from The Transactions of the State Academy of Science, Vol. 14, No. 1 of a paper which I delivered, entitled, "The Lore of the Southern Illinois Ozarks."

A widespread but dim remembrance of the great New Madrid earthquake of 1811-12 still lingers with some of these people. That all of southern Illinois was violently shaken then, cannot be questioned. A descendant of a girl named Elizabeth, for whom Elizabethtown is said to have been named, tells how the earth was shaken there soon after the party of settlers came. An original record, written by one who had been in Illinois in January, 1812, gives the following vivid picture of conditions at that time. The spelling and punctuation are given verbatim.

Sinsenate State of Ohio

April the 12-1812

Dear Brother I now set down to right to you to let you no that I am well hoping that when these lines cum to your view they will find you enjoying the same blessing. I will further inform you that I have left the Missisippee through the goodness of God. Altho there is not many of our new England people that were able to do that for they had to stay whether they liked the country or not for the people of this country are so kind that they have given the most part of our Yankies a small piece of groun enough to lay down upon where I left them laying.

after I rote before Mr Stephens and myself undertook the bilding of a mill which we were to work uppon when Mr Stephens dyed after that I continued to carry the work on myself until I was taken sick myself then I was obliged to quit it & I lay sick myself with the fever &

aguer about Eight months in which time I got reduced some so I was so for about four months that I could not tell whether they meant to kill me or not but finding me so tuf they quit the notion and so I got of

I would mention a little of the situation of the Misippee Country at the present time which is very bad ever since the battle that we had with the Indians at the Wabash which I suppose that you have had an account in the newspapers the Indians have bin very troblison They have kild a grate many this spring

But what is much more terrible than the Indians on the sixteenth of December We had a Grate Earth Quake which the Shook the Earth to the senter And Shaking Still continued til I left Kaskaskia which was the twenty first day of February. It has damaged and thrown down almost All the houses down in that county and in many plases the earth has Craked open for a quarter of a mild in length and throwne out vast boddies of sand and water and in several plases there is large tracts of country that is all sunk down and overflowed with water The people are moving out of this country faster than they ever moved into it

As time fails me I must right short I wish you to give my sincere respects to that good old mother of mine and also to all of our family as well as yours. Give respects to my young friend in particular to Zebeus tel them all that I want to see them very much but I cant tell when I shall do it Right to me without fail As soon as you receive this write your letter to Maryette in the State of Ohio for I think I shal be there in about three weeks and you must not fail of Righting to me for I have not recvd but three letters since I left home and I think you have all forgot me or you would right oftener. Right to me if you have herd anything from my father since I cum away and furthermore let me know if my wife is married or not & so I must conclud by stiling myself

your Brother &c

A. DILLINGHAM.

LOESS DEPOSITS

Loess, pronounced, l-u-s. What is it? The dictionary says, "A Quarternary deposit, usually consisting of fine yellowish earth, on the banks of the Rhine and other large rivers". The Rhine is too far from Harrisburg for a day's journey. And, who wants to see it, anyway, when there are other larger rivers near. Maybe the Mississippi or Ohio or Wabash or the Saline will do.

Loess is a fine grained soil appearing like clay. It is formed after the manner of sand dunes such as are in northern Indiana or the eastern Lake Michigan shore. Dunes are caused by the wind which carries fine sand into drifts as snow is carried. They are common in deserts and

east of sandy beaches. Loess deposits are similarly formed of fine dust particles gathered up by the winds and deposited often to the depth of many feet in hills. They form a compact, fertile soil that does not gully or wash away readily as does the soil of ordinary clay hills or slopes in this region. Since the prevailing winds in this part of North America are from the west, loess deposits are usually on the east sides of rivers or east of where rivers have been. Not all clay-like hills on the east sides of rivers are loess, however.

There are extensive loess deposits along the eastern side of the Mississippi flood plains in southern Illinois. Some of the finest orchards along the line of the M. & O. Railroad between Murphysboro and Pomona are on loess hills. I remember seeing corn growing on one of these hills southwest of Carbondale. The hillside was almost too steep to be cultivated with a horse but the soil sticks like plaster to a wall. It was of excellent texture and easily cultivated, but there were no gulleys.

The road just south of New Harmony, Indiana, on the way toward Mt. Vernon cuts through such a hill. This road is old but the loess stands up on each side like the walls of a building. There are two such places nearer than Indiana. One is through the hills just north of Shawneetown on the old road toward Omaha. Do not take the road to the lakes but turn north before reaching the east levee. This was planned as a hard road in the days before our present hard roads were thought of, and is good as far as the hills. The scenery out there is fine. The loess walls stand up straight like the rock walls of a railway cut. This road has recently been improved north of the loess hills.

A similar deposit is the hill southwest of the Island Riffle Bridge on the Saline River. Go to the junction of Route 13 with Route 1 between Equality and Junction, then south to the new bridge across the Saline River. Another way is to take the southeast gravel road from Equality to this same bridge. This is a beautiful drive close to the hills with the river to the north. From the bridge continue on Route 1 south on the road toward Gibsonia but take the first left hand turn. Notice the vertical walls where this old road branches left. At the foot of the hill on the north, the road turns east and is on low ground to the bridge. The Riffle is a good place to picnic. The road on to Junction is generally level and most of the way through the sandy melon-growing country.

The only objection to taking this last described road toward Junction is that the old bridge across the Saline river is no longer in use.

OLD KASKASKIA

Although it may seem preposterous to propose a journey to a city which has long ago disappeared in the waters of the Mississippi river, there is enough of history and tradition in the surrounding territory to make such a day's journey both profitable and enjoyable. It is little more than fifty miles going over Routes 13, 151, 150, and 3 in succession by way of Carbondale and Chester to Garrison Hill Cemetery and Old Fort Gage which overlook from their hills the Mississippi, flowing where once stood the most important city between The Great Lakes and New Orleans.

Route 3 out of Chester passes near a city cemetery where Shadrack Bond, first governor of Illinois, is buried. The Fort, originally Fort Kaskaskia, is about six miles from Chester. There is a cemetery near the Fort where Pierre Menard, the first lieutenant governor of Illinois, is buried. The old Pierre Menard home is at the foot of the hill below the fort. The old slave house used in connection with it is near and slightly up the hill from it. The house, now a part of the state park which includes the Fort, is of much interest because it represents the builder's skill of much more primitive times when beams were fastened with wooden pegs and door hinges were home made wrought iron straps. Only the earth-works of the Fort remain. There has been no building there since 1766 when Fort Gage, then in the hands of the British, was burned. Previous to the French and Indian War, it was Fort Kaskaskia. Kaskaskia was started about 1686 across from what was then the channel of the Kaskaskia river, but where is now the greater channel of the Mississippi. The fort is on a high hill from which one may look down onto the river where once was dry land and the first capitol of Illinois. There are benches and tables where lunch may be eaten under the trees while enjoying the fine view up and down the Mississippi. There is a good spring near the road which comes up from the southeast.

Until Kaskaskia was washed away, the Mississippi River came very near to the Kaskaskia River just above the town so that the city was really on and between two rivers. The Mississippi from here took an abrupt turn to the west and circled around past the Missouri hills several miles away. Then it swung back to near the site of Chester where the Kaskaskia poured into it. This left a low bottom land as large as a township almost surrounded by river channels. The view from Fort Gage now reveals the Mississippi on the east of this flat which extends miles away, instead of on the west as at first. This is what happened. Floods swept over the low lands and menaced Kaskaskia. Finally the Mississippi broke through into the channel of the Kaskaskia and abandoned its old roundabout course. The land upon which the city stood was eaten away. The low land where corn grows luxuriantly between the old channel and the new is still a part of Illinois though it is west of the Mississippi.

The state capital had been moved to Vandalia. Valuable county records were taken to Chester which became the county seat of what is now Randolph county. Some of them were taken to other counties as part of their records when the old Randolph county was subdivided. The records at Chester were left in boxes and bags in hallways where some of them were carried away by the curious. It was thought that all of them were gone until many were found twenty-five years ago in bags thrown upon the tops of high cases out of the way. They have been of much value in digging out the history of Old Kaskaskia.

Garrison Hill is near Fort Gage. It contains the graves and markers of many of the dead who were removed from the cemetery at Kaskaskia when the river began to destroy the town. It is well kept. The inscriptions on the stones in this new old cemetery are full of interest.

Fort Chartres is fifteen miles up the river from Fort Gage, and twenty-five miles over Routes 3 and 155 through Prairie du Rocher. It was built in 1719 of wood, a half mile from the river. It was rebuilt of stone in 1755 by the French at a cost of \$1,000,000. It was the best fortification in America at that time. The river cut into a corner of it in 1772. The British, then in possession, moved to Fort Gage. The walls crumbled and stone was carried away. Floods covered the foundations with dirt. Only the sturdy stone powder magazine stood. Recently by means of the old plans the remaining foundations of the walls, the barracks, guard house, store room, and furnace room were uncovered. Enough stone was found to restore the foundations of the buildings and walls and to restore the entrance and a small part of the wall to its original height. It, including an area of twenty-two acres, is now a state park. The old well in the fort was dug in 1754.

Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, may be included in this trip in good weather by using the road and the ferry above that city. The river has moved away leaving only flats in front of the town. It claims to be the oldest French settlement west of the Mississippi. Ferdinand Rozier, the business partner of John Audobon, settled here and prospered. H. L. Rozier, Jr., a direct descendant of Ferdinand, is a banker there. Ferdinand Rozier is buried in the old cemetery back of the church. Many old records are on the tomb stones, some in French. The old French houses of limestone corner on the sidewalks. They are attractive but make the visitor question whether he may not be in a foreign city.

Missouri Route 25 may be followed south from Ste. Genevieve through St. Mary's more than half way to Chester. The road from Route 25 across to the bridge at Chester completes the journey around the Missouri side of the old Mississippi channel.

The Southern Illinois penitentiary is at Menard on the river front adjacent to Chester which city is well situated on a high hill overlooking the river.

MISCELLANEOUS JACKSON COUNTY NOTES

Jackson and Randolph Counties are full of other places of historic and natural interest of which descriptions cannot be given within the limits of this volume. John W. Allen, Curator of History of the Southern Illinois Normal University at Carbondale has prepared, under the auspices of the University, paper bound volumes, "Jackson County Notes," and, "Randolph County Notes," both of which have pictorial maps. Places mentioned in these two volumes which are now available, have mere mention below. If the plan is continued, Allen's "Notes" on quite a number of Southern Illinois Counties will be prepared.

In Randolph County there is AVA, once known as "Headquarters," before the town was plotted.

There are three known locations of blockhouses in the county.

William Boon and his son, Bennington, are buried in the Boon Cemetery on the east side of Big Hill, a mile and a half south of Gorham, which should be visited.

Covered bridges, of which there were many in the early days in the Ozark region, are almost a thing of the past. Jackson County had at least three or four.

CAMPBELL HILL is one of those towns which moved to the railroad when the railroad did not see fit to go to the town. In this case, the town moved nearly a mile to the northwest.

DORCHESTER was a thriving village near Murphysboro, south on the Big Muddy, where coal was mined in an early day. The town ceased to exist about eighty years ago.

Indian Carvings on stone which some might wish to visit are located on Allen's map.

A Natural Bridge is described as being "about one hundred feet long" at the top, seventy-five feet between abutments and nine feet wide. The location is Section 20, Township 10 south, Range 2 west.

RANDOLPH COUNTY NOTES

CHESTER, mentioned in connection with Old Kaskaskia, is where John McFerron settled in 1818. The city was named for a city in England. Chester has had its ups and downs, as one will realize if he drives about, say down to the river front. There were epidemics of cholera in 1832, 1833, and again in 1849. Allen says that, "a cluster of stones under the bluff near the southern limits of the city, marks the spot where cholera victims, dying on passing steamboats, were buried."

Castor oil from castor beans was made here to the extent that an oil press was used at an early date. This is an industry that cannot compete on the market but which was revived when foreign oils were cut off during World War Two. Castor bean growing flourished on a wide area about

Chester in the early day. The wagon-making industry was profitable at Chester for a long period of years. I well remember when castor oil was used regularly for oiling buggy wheel axles.

A tornado, in November, 1864, carried the superstructure of a ferry boat twenty-eight miles to Coulterville.

Eighty bales of cotton, grown locally, were once shipped from Chester

EVANSVILLE, on the Kaskaskia River, was visited by steamboats and was large enough to compete as a place for the county seat when it was removed from Kaskaskia to Chester.

SPARTA was first settled about 1812. It has long been noted for its excellent schools and culture. The store at Shannon's Mill a mile south, was moved to near Armour's Mill. The town thus started was called Columbus. The post office was called Sparta after 1839. It is definitely known that Sparta was an important station on the Underground Railway in the days before the Civil War.

ORAVILLE and STEELEVILLE are not names that refer to mining or manufacturing, as the sound, but not the spelling, might indicate. Oraville was first called Ora, and Steeleville was named for John Steele, who came there in 1807. There was once a grist mill there, not a water mill, but one whose motive power was oxen. The Shawneetown Kaskaskia Trail passed this way.

VERGENNES (post office established in 1869) was named after a town in Vermont. The old post office was about a mile west of the present town. The place was once known as Middletown.



Covered Bridge Between Chester and Bremen

Courtesy Jeff & Allen

THEBES

THEBES is the first city above Cairo on the Mississippi River. It is also on Route 150. The bridge is for railroads only. Thebes was the county seat of Alexander County from 1845 to 1854. The court house, a classical type of building, stands on the hill above the river.

Much of the background for Edna Ferber's "Showboat" was obtained here and at Cairo. The coming of the Cotton Blossom Showboat was in its day one of the events of the year at Thebes.

It is believed that Lincoln, on the night following his debate with Douglas at Jonesboro, slipped off without questioning his managers, and made a speech at Thebes.

DONGOLA

DONGOLA is a beautifully situated village with its homes perched on the hillsides of a narrow valley. If you drive through, following the traffic on Route 51 and seeing only the railroad and business houses, you will miss seeing all of the charm that such towns have. At night, the lights blink at different heights so that one might imagine he were in a mountainous country.

Besides being in the fruit producing area, there has not been much history or anything that sets Dongola out from others of its sister towns except one.

H. L. Dye, agent for the Illinois Central Railroad, is credited with a statement which was quoted by the New York Sun along with a cartoon. Here is the statement as requoted by the Dongola Tri-County Record of April 30, 1942.

"Dongola, which has a population of 650, is the only place on earth where a man can leave his pocketbook lying on the street over night and find it there in the morning."

VILLA RIDGE

VILLA RIDGE, on the east side of, and on the ridge above Route 51, is a very attractive little city. It is noted for the numerous southern magnolia trees in and beyond it on the road leading east which has branches across to Route 137 and south to Mounds, a part of which is beautifully located on high ground east of Route 51. The soil and southern location permits the Villa Ridge community to get its strawberries on the market just slightly earlier than the communities farther north. The old Grange Hall, on the road east from Villa Ridge, is a little out of the ordinary in a state where the Grange organizations were not common.

COBDEN

COBDEN, on Route 51 south of Carbondale, is an important point for shipping fruit and vegetables. The high ridges which give air drainage, the soil which is well adapted to fruit growing, and the coming of the Illinois Central Railroad in an early day, gave the region on both sides of the railway between Carbondale and Villa Ridge an early start in the fruit growing industry in Illinois. I have been told that the first refrigerated car of fruit in Illinois started with its load from Cobden. A box of ice was put into the end of a freight car. More than twenty years ago, before the distribution of fruits and vegetables was so well directed as now, more than fifty car loads of cucumbers were sent to market in one day. The price had been good. The arrival of so many of them made it appear that the world was turning into cucumbers. The market dropped at once and did not recover that season.

JOPPA

JOPPA is a small town on the Ohio River, below Metropolis, in Massac County. It has no special interests. The country about it is mostly a rolling farming land with no very large hills. In the steamboat days, it was a regular landing place which got its share of the river trade. The Burlington Railroad has a branch from Karnak which ends at Joppa. This road had a large share of the lumber trade which was important when the branch line came in. Massac County, on the north and west, borders on the Cache River swampland whose large cypress trees were a source of wealth. There is a road from Olmsted near the river through Joppa to Route 45 into Metropolis, which is good and interesting to follow except during the wet season in winter.

OZARK

OZARK is on the Illinois Central branch line from Carbondale to Paducah. It is the only town I know that is at the very top of the main ridge of the Illinois Ozarks. I can remember, when coming up from Metropolis to Carbondale on a mixed freight and passenger train, we would be put on a switch at Simpson. Half of the train would be pulled up the steep grade to the switch at Ozark, then the engine would back down to Simpson to bring up the rear end. Part of Ozark moved west when Route 45 was built.

Fruit sheds for packing and marketing apples and peaches are at Ozark on the road from New Burnside to Bloomfield. The coming of the concrete highway has isolated Bloomfield, a very small village down by the Big Four Railroad. A bridge spans the railroad which is in a deep cut where Route 45 intersects it on the way south toward Vienna just before coming to a sign to indicate that the small village is still there.

CARRIER MILLS

CARRIER MILLS, eight miles southeast of Harrisburg, on Route 45, grew up after the Big Four Railroad came in. When the roadway was being built a man named Carrier had a saw mill which supplied ties to the railroad. When a switch was put in, it was called Carriers Mill, which name became changed to the present one. Coal fields extend to its north limits.

STONEFORT

STONEFORT lies on the border of Saline and Williamson counties. It is also near the southwest corner of Saline County. I have been "coon" hunting in four counties down there, all in the same night. The Ozark Hills rise abruptly a short distance to the south.

NEW BURNSIDES

NEW BURNSIDES is at the very edge of the Ozarks, and of the fruit growing territory of Johnson County. Route 166 branches off here toward Creal Springs and Marion.

CRAB ORCHARD

Crab Orchard is an unincorporated village on Route 13, between Marion and Harrisburg. It is the only town directly on this twenty-two mile stretch of concrete.

Dallasania was a village about seven miles west of Harrisburg, less than forty-five years ago, when the store was discontinued and the last building was removed. Strange to relate, it was marked on the road maps for ten years or more after Route 13 was built. The village again shows signs of life. Buildings and businesses have appeared on the scene very recently.

Crab Orchard has no railroad. It is best known on account of Crab Orchard Academy, which James W. Turner, who was mentioned in connection with the story about Galatia, as having moved with his father from Saline County to Williamson, was the founder.

A charter was granted by the State of Illinois, July 30, 1889, to James W. Turner, John Huddleston, Henry J. Fuller, John H. Farris, Martin M. McDonald, R. F. Peebles, and John F. Tidwell, to sell capital stock of Crab Orchard Academy. Eighty shares were sold at twenty-five dollars per share.

A three-room building was constructed within a year. It had three rooms with a seating capacity for one hundred and sixty-eight pupils. The campus was seven acres in extent. It was on a hill in the south part of the present village. The Crab Orchard High School occupies the site now.

The school opened Dec. 25, 1889. Those enrolled on that day had among them many who have become prominent in the surrounding counties. Mr. Turner continued in charge of the Academy for seven years. There was a teachers' course of three years and an academic course of four years. The attendance reached the full capacity of the building. The good that this school did in its day is such that it cannot be estimated. This influence was in the nature of better schools and social uplift over a wide area, for many of the hundreds who attended this school were, at the time or later, teachers.

The fate of James W. Turner is typical of that of many teachers. I quote from his reply when he was presented with a gold watch at the close of school on June 10, 1896, when he had resigned as President of the Academy.

"When I took charge of the school, seven years ago, I was in moderately easy circumstances. I owned the Farris property, had it all paid for, was entirely out of debt, had sold my farm and had over seven hundred dollars in money."

"Today I am penniless and in debt. All I had, together with my time, has been freely bestowed for the benefit of my pupils, and the upbuilding of Crab Orchard Academy, and I have nothing left save the gratitude and sympathies of my pupils. I hope you, as a board of directors, appreciate what I have done for the school, and for my pupils, among whom are your own children; and I most imploringly ask you to grant my request that I may engage in other enterprises that will bring me the relief that I so greatly need."

Mr. Turner continued his long career as a teacher at Stonefort, Cartersville, Creal Springs, and Carrier Mills, retiring in 1917. His record of effective and continued teaching is unsurpassed unless it be that of Harry Taylor, who has been Principal of the Harrisburg Township High School since its organization in 1903, and a teacher in Saline County for several years before, in the rural school and grade schools, and, then, as Superintendent of the Harrisburg Public School before 1903.

One interesting thing in connection with Mr. Turner's teaching was his interest in printing. At Crab Orchard, and in all the schools where he taught, until his retirement, he owned and operated equipment for printing a school paper which was gotten out largely, if not entirely, at his own expense. He was a pioneer in this field.

He continued to print his own productions following his permanent retirement, up to near the time of his death. His Personal Memoirs of

over four hundred pages was set up by hand and printed on his own hand press. The roll of students whom he taught, as given in the Memoirs, is a roster of names of those who admired and loved him, of which any man might be proud.

HARRISBURG

HARRISBURG is the county seat of Saline County, originally a part of Gallatin County which was formed in 1812. Saline County was set off from Gallatin in 1847. The county seat was first at Raleigh where two court houses and a jail were erected in the short time between 1847 and 1857 when Harrisburg became the seat of justice by a bare majority of fifteen votes. If the north boundary of Saline County had been three miles farther north on the township line instead of at the middle of the township, and, if the Saline River had been the southern boundary instead of the township line beyond, Raleigh would undoubtedly have continued to be the county seat, for votes from south of Harrisburg decided the election.

Bob Ingersoll had an office at Raleigh. The small building which he used stands now in a field northwest of town instead of on the street which is now a state highway. The first court house at Harrisburg was a beautiful one with Doric columns in front. The newest one, erected in 1904, has a recent addition at the south.

Harrisburg has excellent schools where tenure has been secure. Partisan politics or religious faith does not enter into selection of school officials or teachers. Licensed saloons or taverns have not been permitted the greater part of the time for the past forty years. Saline county has no licensed taverns.

Two good coal veins, not nearly exhausted, underlie more than half of the county. Only a small fraction has been removed. Strip mining on a large scale is carried on about eight miles west and slightly south of Harrisburg. The coal is taken from the older mines through shafts. Coal is more economically removed from the newer mines by slopes, on endless belts.

The Ozarks are in sight to the south. Harrisburg is the home of the Shawnee Reforestation Unit which controls 196,315 acres of land.

MARION

MARION, county seat of Williamson County, is just south of the great coal fields. It was here that John A. Logan made his famous speech when he decided to stay with the Union in Civil War times. While not in the coal fields, Marion has prospered on account of its nearness to them.

One of the Federal Veterans Hospitals is at the west limits of Marion. Crab Orchard Lake extends almost to her back door. Her Rotary Club is outstanding in attendance record and things accomplished. This reflects the good purposes and energy of its citizens.

Williamson County was one of the later ones to be organized. More of her history is given in accounts of other cities within her limits. Williamson County's coal fields are the most productive in the state.

Williamson County has been unjustly called "Bloody Williamson" on account of a feud which arose many years ago. A murder was committed in Marion. Vengeance was taken by friends of the murdered man. In turn, another life was taken, and so on till the feud resulted in many killings. No one could be convicted in court because all witnesses and jurors were afraid of reprisals.

The feud ended when Judge Crawford of Jonesboro, as circuit judge in court at Marion, sentenced one of the last offenders to death. The man had plead guilty, but clemency was denied him.

Judge Crawford told me years afterwards, that no one stayed in the hotel the night after the trial but himself and the proprietor. The story of the feud is told in "The Bloody Vendetta," written by Milo Erwin who left Illinois to live, and died under an assumed name on account of the resentment which arose. Many of the families then and since prominent in the affairs of the county, were involved. The feud was just one of those things which the spirit of family loyalty started and could not readily be stopped.

Erwin's book was reprinted in 1914. Copies are still available.

HERRIN

HERRIN, in Williamson County, is named for a family of prominence in the early settlements. The city got a bad reputation with those who live away on account of some tragic happening to which the name of the town was given. The breakdown of law and order in the county permitted happenings which effective law enforcement could have prevented. The reign of terror ended promptly when the citizens of the county arose and elected men to office who obeyed the mandate of the people to have law and order. The scene of the "Herrin Massacre" was at a strip mine in the county. The mob which gathered was recruited from other nearby cities and Herrin itself but included men from other counties, some as far away as Kentucky and Indiana. Herrin got the credit because the victims were brought there. The graves of Glen Young and leaders of opposing factions are in the cemetery nearby.

Herrin is a comparatively new city in the coal mining area. Its broad main street might well indicate a city of several times the actual population. The business blocks are imposing and the stocks of goods draw customers from other urban centers. The citizens are law-abiding and cultured.

The "Trovillion Private Press" at The Sign of the Silver Horse is in the unique home of Hal W. Trovillion. His vocation, since his retirement from active editorial work, is to print fine editions of rare or unusual books. His large library contains volumes which are almost priceless and are of great interest to lovers of books.

High standards of home life, education, and religion are maintained by the great majority of the people. Herrin needs to be seen to be appreciated.

A COAL MINING CENTER

A group of thriving cities in Williamson and Jefferson Counties is of more recent origin. They are near each other on account of the great veins of very high grade coal which underlies them, and results in a concentration of industry.

WEST FRANKFORT, the largest among them, began its history at Frankfort Heights, which is on a hill at the eastern extremity of the one long street upon which most of the business houses and a part of the homes are located. The original town extended itself straight west when a railroad was built near what is the west limits of the present city. The marker in a church yard beyond the tracks is where the Shawnee and Kaskaskia Indians fought their last battle.

Modern high schools, athletic fields, active civic clubs, public libraries, good hotels and restaurants, up-to-date stores, and a sturdy citizenry, make these cities in the coal belt centers of industry and culture far above the standards usually attributed to coal mining communities. Among those not heretofore mentioned, are DE SOTO, ELKVILLE, DOWELL, SESSER, CHRISTOPHER, JOHNSTON CITY, ZEIGLER, HURST, BUSH, BUCKNER, PARISH, LOGAN, and PITTSBURG.

The stranger who is interested in social problems could spend profitably one or more days in the homes, schools, and business establishments of the intelligent citizens who carry on this great coal mining industry.

The coal from this great coal-producing territory is of the best quality.

PINCKNEYVILLE

PINCKNEYVILLE is at the crossing of the roads with state highways reaching out in five directions, so much so that your author has twice taken the wrong road there when coming from St. Louis to his home

BENTON

BENTON, the county seat of Franklin County, is located where fruit, poultry, and dairy products are the most profitable agricultural products. The extensive deposits of high grade coal about it have added to its prosperity. Recently developed oil pools nearby are important. It has in its area the largest shaft coal mine in the world.

John A. Logan once lived there. Its people are intelligent and home-loving. They have, and have had, among them many citizens who have stood out as leaders at home and away. The schools have always been kept up to a high standard which is evidence of the high character of its average citizens.

DU QUOIN

DU QUOIN, a city of 8000 people, gets its name from Chief Du Quoin of the Kaskaskia Indian tribe. He did not live there but the Kaskaskias roamed that territory. Some of them may have lived temporarily in the vicinity of Old Du Quoin which was a village before the present city of Du Quoin began. Old Du Quoin is on Route 14 a short distance east of Route 51 at a point about three miles south of the newer city.

Old Du Quoin, no longer a village, is a picturesque group of houses situated on small hills. The Du Quoin State Fairgrounds are on the east of the three-mile strip of Route 51 south from Du Quoin. This is one of the most outstanding fairs of the county fair type that is held in Illinois.

There are strip coal mines near Du Quoin and more extensive ones to the west. A very large area of good coal lies at a moderate depth, suitable for stripping. The dumps of soil and rock which the steam shovels pile up do not beautify the landscape. There is always agitation about the matter. Often times the price paid to land owner for the coal recovered is better than the value of the land above the coal, when considered as farm land. The soil so upturned is fertile, often lacking only nitrogen from legumes which grow readily and may be plowed under for fertilizer. Some of the dumps could be leveled with bulldozers, according to one estimate, at a cost of \$50.00 per acre. Much of these areas have been planted to trees by the companies owning them. In Saline County, one such dump has made a good start at reforesting itself during a period of less than thirty years.

GALATIA

Galatia is in Saline County on Route 34 between Raleigh and Thompsonville. The first spelling was Gallatia, probably derived from the name of the statesman named Gallatin. There was formerly a coal mine there. The coal deposits are mostly in the ground deeper than in the mines farther south. The coal veins in Saline county dip as we go north in Saline County, to a depth of 500 and 600 feet at the northern boundary.

The most productive farm lands in Saline County in the early days were about Galatia. James W. Turner, who taught school for more than fifty years in Saline and Williamson Counties, came with his father from Tennessee in 1863, the year of the August frost which killed most vegetation as far south as into Kentucky. He relates in his "Half A Century in the School Room", how his father raised an enormous crop on the "Garner Farm" near Galatia, which his father had bought but sold at the end of the year to a Mr. Jerdon at a "high price."

Their tobacco crop was 4,000 pounds from four acres and it sold at twenty dollars per hundred pounds. He says that the crops of corn, wheat, and hay were equally abundant.

In 1864, a report came to Galatia that "Morgan's Raiders" had crossed the Ohio near Shawneetown to invade Illinois. Turner was sixteen but he went with his father and the other men from the surrounding territory who hastened to Raleigh armed with a great variety of weapons. Before they were fully organized at Raleigh, the spies that had been sent out to determine Morgan's advance, returned saying that the rumor was false.

Tobacco growing at Galatia and Raleigh continued as a paying industry for some years. Tobacco barns were numerous. At least one, long since used for other purposes, may be seen at Galatia.

CROSSVILLE

This Southern Illinois region in and about the Ozarks was settled by people who came in from the north and from the south. The French came from the north by way of the Great Lakes. The English-speaking settlers came by way of the Ohio or crossed it from the south.

Visitors from the north may pass through CROSSVILLE, Route 1, which is in a good farming community. The highway to New Harmony and Evansville begins here, Route 14. Formerly, the road near New Harmony was under water when the Wabash was out of banks. The roadway is now built high. The extensive oil field near the river has wells scattered in the rich bottom lands which grow heavy crops when floods do not interfere.

CARMI

CARMI, the county seat of White County, is in the midst of a fertile farmland region. Much soil, as productive as any in Illinois, lies toward the Wabash about Epworth and south of there. Epworth has been a shipping point for watermelons. Other limited areas in this county have just the right combination of sand and food elements to grow both watermelons and cantaloupes. The Big Four and Louisville and Nashville Railroads cross at Carmi. Very extensive oil development have brought much prosperity to Carmi which formerly depended largely on the surrounding farms for its wealth. It has been noted for a long time as a good home town which attracted farm owners as a place of residence on account of its schools and financial stability. It is the eastern terminus of Route 14 from ENFIELD which is the junction point of the L. and N. and the B. and O. Railroads. There was once a small college at Enfield, at the south limits of the town, which has more recently been used for public school purposes.

NORRIS CITY

NORRIS CITY is near the junction of Routes 45 and 1 which latter passes through Fairfield and Olney. Much traffic from Chicago comes that way. The Big Four and the Beardstown and Shawneetown division of the Baltimore and Ohio railroads cross here. Oil wells are in the vicinity. Excellent coal beds lie deep down. They have been mined but not extensively. Norris City was the first terminus of the "Big Inch" pipelines from Oklahoma in the Second World War, before the lines were extended to Pennsylvania. Enormous quantities of oil were loaded on tank cars here during the emergency. Sharon Church, the first Presbyterian church in Illinois, was in Enfield township. Ann Rutledge grew up there.

ELDORADO

ELDORADO is well situated in the midst of productive farm land northeast of the center of the County of Saline. There are three steam railroads, also, state highways radiating in five different directions. There are no larger coal mines in the edge of town, just as at Harrisburg, but those operating nearby contribute to her prosperity. The only oil field in Saline county is just north of Eldorado. The city is the trading and supply center for a large area. Her schools are good. The location is excellent, high and dry. Eldorado is one of the few Southern Illinois cities where there are no colored inhabitants.

EQUALITY

EQUALITY claims to be almost as old as Shawneetown. The county seat of Gallatin County was once there, temporarily. Records show that a vote was taken to transfer the seat of justice to Equality and plans to build a court house were made, but there is little to show in records of the county, now available, that government functioned there. However, there is this evidence: A Saline County lady has in her possession a marriage certificate issued there. Pecks Gazetteer of Illinois, 1937, says: "Equality, the seat of justice of Gallatin County, situated on the north side of Saline Creek, on section fifteen, nine south, eight east. It has nine stores, four groceries, two taverns, a brick court house forty feet square, two stories high, and neatly furnished, and about seventy or eighty families. It is situated in the vicinity of the salt manufacturies fourteen miles south (west) of Shawneetown."

The town is well situated but must depend on the good farming country for future support since it is not so favorably situated in the line of trade.

A monument to General Lawler of Civil War fame is in the circle near the center of the town.

McLEANSBORO

McLEANSBORO is the county seat of Hamilton County. The county was a part of White County till about 1821 when it was set off by the Legislature. A committee of three men was appointed to select a county seat and they chose a part of the farm of Dr. William McLean, who lived in a little log cabin where the city now stands. County business was at first transacted at the home of John Anderson, who probably lived outside of the chosen site, for the McLean cabin was the only dwelling on the twenty acres which was purchased.

The county commissioners immediately advertised for bids for building a court house specified as follows:

The court house was to fill the following description: "It was to be built of logs hewn on two sides, and was to be sixteen feet square, covered with boards, put on cabin fashion; was to be eight feet high, chinked and daubed; have a plank floor, one window (and this was to be a glass window) consisting of 12 panes of glass, 8 x 10, and a good plank door, 3 feet wide and 6 feet, 3 inches high."

Benjamin Hood was the low bidder and got \$379, as payment. He lived near Hoodville where oil wells are now numerous. A jail was needed. It had to be more substantial, so a contract was let in September for a building which was completed within a year at a cost of \$780. An estray pen was built on the north side of the square at a cost of \$12.

The public square was the scene of much wrestling and fist fighting in the early days, as was the custom in all nearby county seat towns. Prize fights, football, basketball, and baseball now afford release of energy and amusement for others not so energetic. The same instinctive push is back of all of these performances both then and now. A high school girl expressed it when she said she liked basketball because it is "so exciting."

There was then not much county business and evidently there were not as many politicians as now, for Jesse C. Lockwood filled all of the offices except that of judge. He was postmaster, county clerk, circuit clerk, recorder, treasurer, sheriff, and justice of the peace, all at the same time, according to John B. Kinnear whose *History of McLeansboro, 1884*, is still available.

The first school was taught in a log house 12 x 14 feet. It is a long span of years since the first brick court house was built, more than 100 years. An office building was added soon after the Civil War. Better buildings for school, county offices, and homes, succeeded one another. For a long time the court house was one of the least commodious of all in the Southern Illinois counties. Now it is one of the best and is indicative of the progress which has been made.

Oil development in several parts of Hamilton County has been very extensive. There is great variation in the quality of soils in this county. It ranges from white or yellow clay upland to deep black bottom lands. An example of the latter is found northeast of Broughton. Part of the county was originally open prairie which was not true of the counties to the south. I remember that prairie chickens, which were always found on prairie land and not in timber, were frequently seen from the trains in passing from Eldorado to McLeansboro not more than thirty years ago.

CORINTH

When my wife and I, just wandering about some fifteen years ago, drove to a crossroads, and found a store, several homes and an attractive church with a well kept cemetery about it, we found we were in a place new to us. She said, "You cannot write anything interesting here."

What follows is what I found, except that it is brought up to date.

Corinth (the last syllable with a distinct accent by some who live near there) is the center of a typical country community of substantial citizens with fine old traditions. It is a very old settlement and as little unchanged as can be found.

Corinth may be reached over gravel roads by way of Harco and the road from there to Johnston City. This is a fine broad highway with long curves. If a round trip is planned to return on concrete by way of Thompsonville which is north, or by Pittsburg which is southwest, there are good roads to those places also.

This unincorporated village has very few residences, but a lodge hall

now used by the Modern Woodmen, a general store and a Methodist church. The store is a good one typical of its kind with a good stock of articles for household and personal use.

The Methodist church building, modern with basement and ample room above, is beautifully situated among great oak trees. The old cemetery is north at the rear. It is largely overgrown with the so-called "myrtle" and looks neat even before the community cleanup which occurs regularly. Thirty-five years ago this building replaced a frame building which had been built about 1880. This frame church in turn replaced a log church put there by the earliest settlers. The land was given by John Roberts who was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1748 and died March 20, 1823, according to the monument in the cemetery. Church records that far back are not available.

Many of the farmers are descended from the early settlers. They own their farms or rent from relatives. Much of their savings was lost in bank failures of the early 1930's but they still held their homes with hopes for better times to come, which has come to pass. The church is the community center. The church and cemetery now, in 1946, are said to be in better condition than they were in 1932. Two members of the Roberts family mentioned in the first account now lie in the cemetery. The Odd Fellows hall has been torn down. The old Leander Roberts two stock brick home, long dismantled, still stands. It must have been as fine as any in its day. The Rebekahs and Woodmen continue to meet in the lodge hall above the store which has changed ownership but is said to be kept up to the old standards. "There are "about as many people about" as there have ever been. A Rip Van Winkle would not realize that he had been asleep if he should return. Possibly there were not any of his type there anyway.

Much early history is recorded on the tombstones in the cemetery. Apparently three families have predominated, the Mitchells, the Roberts, and the Stewarts. The stone at the grave of Nola Maude Lonwell, who died in early womanhood a few years ago records the passing of one of the fifth generation of the Roberts family who are buried there, the first being John Roberts mentioned above. On the stone for Dr. Thomas Roberts who died in 1860 at the age of 67 the following is recorded: "Thus has fallen the last of the framers of the first constitution of Illinois." There are here sixteen graves of Civil War veterans. There is one Mexican War veteran here.

The tomb of James Stewart, born in 1773 and died 1834, is by that of John R. Roberts. Stewart was very prominent in his day. Some of his descendants are in the community.

W. P. Mitchell, born 1821 and died 1885, was one of the early settlers. It is recorded that Dr. Samuel M. Mitchell of Corinth was one of the few loyal ones who stood armed by the side of John A. Logan when he made his famous speech at Marion in favor of the Union. Logan had received threats of being mobbed if he came. Mrs. W. H. Howell (Mollie Mitchell), deceased, of Harrisburg, grew up at Corinth.

Two of the Roberts family, in 1932, lived there. There was Dr. Geo. S. Roberts, retired from active practice, whose father was a physician at Corinth. His son is a physician in Chicago. Sam Roberts, a cousin of the doctor, was active and proud of his community. He had for a long time been an officer in the church. His grandfather, John S. Roberts, established a store at Corinth after the Civil War about the time that a postoffice was established. He had fifteen children. The late Gene Roberts of Harrisburg was a brother of Sam Roberts.

The Andrew Jackson lodge of the Masonic Order was established at an early date in the home of the first Dr. Roberts, which stood a little north of the village on the road toward Thompsonville. The lodge was removed to Pittsburg about twenty five years ago.

The Deer Lick Farm, south of the road, is named for a famous salt lick which lies near the village.

Out of just such pioneer communities as that at Corinth have come the men and women that have stood for right and lived four square with the world. Dr. Henry Mitchell, known to many at Carbondale, and Dr. James Jewell of Chicago, came from Corinth, along with others whose names and work have not been learned. We need the steadying influences that life in thousands of such neighborhoods gave in the last generation. This generation may profit by a study of the people and their deeds as they lived in the pioneer days. It is to be regretted that we do not have more of the histories of the so-called common people whose deeds were noble but not acclaimed and whose records of achievement are recorded merely as dates on tombstones.



Indian Mound One Eighth of a Mile West of
Junction of State Highways 151 and 3

(Courtesy, Shawnee Reformatory, Inc.)

THE EARLY WHITE SETTLERS IN THE OZARK REGION

Robert W. Patterson, speaking before the Chicago Historical Society in 1880, said that the early population of Southern Illinois consisted of French, Pennsylvania Dutch, and native Americans.

The French Canadians were often part Indian and had little influence after the Revolutionary War. They lived in the Kaskaskia region and the American Bottoms. The Germans from Pennsylvania were few in numbers. The chief elements of emigration were from Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia, and a smaller number from New Jersey, New York, and the New England states. The great majority were from the first three named.

Quoting Patterson: "The term 'Yankee,' was, in many communities, one with suspicion, and deemed hardly fit for association with those who thought themselves in some sort the rightful proprietors of the country. These prejudices were, however, less inveterate in the villages, where the people were from many different states, than in the rural districts, where the southwestern element prevailed. And the New Englanders and New Yorkers, being generally enterprising, were usually settled in the thriving towns, and engaged in mechanical or mercantile pursuits. The families in the country, were generally of Southern origin, many of them having come originally from Virginia and the Carolinas to Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio, and thence to Illinois. These immigrants from the South and Southwest, were generally influenced to move into the territory, afterwards the State, of Illinois, by two considerations—the first was, a desire to find a still newer country, for many of them were adventurers who had always lived in frontier regions; and, secondly, most of these people, being comparatively poor, and uncomfortable in communities where they had no real estate, and were compelled to labor alongside of slaves, were attracted by the prospect of becoming owners of fertile lands, and of escaping from the humiliation of being reckoned among the 'white trash' of the slave-holding States. There were, however, a considerable number of what were deemed the better classes, who came to this State, either directly, from the Southwest, or indirectly, through the State of Ohio. We see, at this point, the working of the ordinance of 1787, which caused a sifting of immigrants to Illinois, as well as other Northwestern States, both from the Southern and Middle States; from the Southern States, by keeping back those who owned slaves and defended the institution of slavery, and from the Middle States, by introducing only those settlers who desired to improve their fortunes in a country where slavery was forever forbidden by law. We shall have occasion to refer to this complexion of our early population in another connection."

* * * * *

"We come now to notice the pursuits and modes of life that characterized the early inhabitants of Southern Illinois. I have already intimated, that there were two general classes of the first immigrants to our State, the one consisting of floating people who always live in frontier settlements, and the other, which was much larger, composed of those who came to be permanent residents."

"As to pursuits, these two classes were widely different, but as to manners and style of living, they often resembled each other very closely. The floating class were mainly from the mountainous regions of the Southwest, and depended chiefly upon hunting and fishing, for the means of living for themselves and their families. And, of course, as the country became more densely settled, they emigrated again to other frontier regions, farther west. There was, however, a considerable proportion of the more stable population, who, at an early day, like the genuine frontiersmen, devoted themselves, a great part of the time, to the hunting of wild game, bee-hunting, trapping, and fishing. There were many inducements to this kind of life, when the country was very new. For deer, bears, turkeys, grouse or prairie chickens, and other fowl, were abundant in the woods and prairies, and, at first, even elk and buffaloes were numerous, and bees were found in all the forests. Bears were depended upon, by many in the less settled regions, for salt meat, instead of pork, until these animals, in a few years, disappeared from the country. Sometimes, a hunting company, of a few men, would kill as many as forty bears in a single expedition. This was especially true in the extreme southern part of the State. Deer and bees continued very plentiful for many years, a single hunter often killing eight or ten deer in a day, and a little band of skillful bee-hunters, going into an uninhabited section of woods, and finding, in a few days, in the autumn, bee-trees enough to supply their families with honey for the following year. Some amusing anecdotes were told of the early bee-hunters. I, myself, was acquainted with an illiterate minister, of a peculiar faith, of whom it was reported and believed, that after preaching on a certain Sabbath, he gave notice that he would preach there again the next Sunday, if it should not be a good bee-day; intimating, that if the weather on the next Sunday should be favorable for bee-hunting, he would be otherwise occupied, and could not preach. Fishing, and some kinds of hunting, are still, more or less profitable in many sections of the State; but wild bees, and the larger wild animals, have so far disappeared that very few persons make the pursuit of them anything like a regular occupation. From the earliest settlement of the country, however, onward to 1830 or '35, there were many men, who did nothing else but hunt and fish, and many others, who cultivated a few acres of ground, for raising corn and potatoes, and after their products were secured in the fall, joined the regular hunters until the next spring. It was, therefore, very common to find the walls of the cabins of the early settlers hung around with the skins of animals, which were, afterwards, either dressed for family wear, or taken to the distant markets to be sold for furs. But the great majority of the people were industrious, plain farmers, small merchants, and unenterprising manufacturers, some of whom divided their time between two or three different occupations, such as cooperage, tanning, and shoemaking.

"Houses, especially in the country, were usually built of logs, either hewn or unhewn, notched together at the corners, the crevices between the logs being filled with clay-mortar, which was, more or less smoothed off by the hands, or by a paddle or a trowel, and sometimes covered on the outside with lime-mortar. In many cases, the projecting ends of the

logs were left at the corners, in their original condition. The roofs were often composed of split boards, held together by halves of split poles laid upon them.

"Many houses had no second stories, but the attics were formed by clap-boards laid upon rough joists, and were sometimes high enough to be occupied by beds for the younger members of the family. These attics were reached by ladders, from the inside or the outside of the house. The doors were frequently constructed of rough boards, nailed or pinned together, and hung on rude wooden hinges. The windows, if there were any, were often either left entirely open, or closed with white or printed paper, instead of glass, and saturated with oil, so as to admit a portion of the light from without.

"The floors were usually made of slab-like portions of trees, hewn on one side, and laid together on sills, without any nails or pins to fasten them down. These floors, after a while, became quite smooth from use, being hardly ever covered with carpets.

"It was rare to find, in these primitive cabins, more than two rooms, except where the houses consisted of two parts, divided by a covered but open passage-way between them. In very many cabins there was but a single apartment, which served the manifold purposes of parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and bedrooms, for a large family.

"Of course, there were, here and there, houses of frame, and in the villages many respectable residences of wood and brick. But the earlier settlers, in the rural districts, for the most part, occupied such cabins as I have described.

"The kindly feelings of neighbors toward one another, were habitually shown in what were called house-raising, which brought together as many men, as could work to good advantage, who usually put up the walls of a log-house in a single day, which was frequently occupied by the family the same night. A similar interchange of friendly offices was customary in log-rollings, corn-huskings, etc., the latter of which were commonly held in turn, through a whole neighborhood, on successive evenings, and were always followed by a well-prepared and abundant supper.

"The personal property of the citizens ordinarily consisted of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, domestic fowls, wagons, often constructed entirely of wood, and extremely noisy when in motion, a few farming implements, and the plainest kind of household furniture, embracing tables made of boards, often put together with wooden pins, tin and pewter table-ware, and two or three cooking utensils.

"It is true that, after the close of the war with England in 1814, there was for a few years a considerably-increased prosperity, even among the people of the frontier settlements; but after the wretched banking policy that followed the war had brought about its natural fruits in 1819-21, there was hardly such a thing as money to be found in Illinois. Many a family lived a whole year without the possession or use of fifty dollars in cash. Personal property, therefore, during many years, consisted almost ex-

clusively of the products of the farm and of articles manufactured by the citizens at their own homes. The farms, in those days, were worked chiefly by the use of oxen, horses being employed mainly for riding, and for ploughing after the corn came up in the spring. Even wagons and carts were generally drawn by oxen, not only for the hauling of corn, hay, wood, rails, etc., but for church-going and traveling. The productions of the farms were very few, such as a little fall or spring wheat, oats, Indian corn, cotton, flax, in some cases castor-beans, and as to fruits, scarcely anything but apples and some peaches. But wild plums and grapes, of good quality, were produced in large quantities in the timbered districts, especially at the edges of the prairies. There was no machinery used on the farms before 1835 or 1840. There was no corn-planters, no reaping or threshing machines, or fanning-mills. Corn was planted by hand, wheat, oats, and grass were cut with sickles or scythes by hand, cotton was gathered and picked by hand, flax was broken and scutched by hand, cotton and wool were carded into rolls by hand, and spinning and weaving were done by hand. Grain was trodden out by horses or beaten out with flails, and winnowed by the breezes or with sheets used like so many great fans. The only articles employed by the farmers that could properly be called machines, were flax-breaks, hackles, looms, hand mills, and possibly an occasional cider-mill. There were, however, at intervals of ten or twenty miles, water-mills and horse-mills for grinding corn, wheat, rye, and barley; and from the earliest settlement of the country there were not wanting distilleries for the manufacture of whiskey, to minister to the cravings of the thirsty people, who claimed that they could not keep warm in winter or cool in summer, or perform their hard work without fainting, unless they could be assisted by the free use of the "good creature." But there were no breweries to be found, unless among the few Germans.

"The clothing of the people, especially in the first settlement of the country, consisted almost wholly of materials prepared by the several families for themselves. The most frequent exception to this remark was found in the leather used for shoes, which was often tanned and dressed by some one man in a neighborhood, who gave a part of his time to a small tannery, of which he was the proprietor. But many were at once tanners, shoe-makers, and farmers; and their wives and daughters manufactured the flax and cotton, raised by them, into garments for the family. For during the first quarter of the century, cotton as well as flax was produced on many farms, and spinning-wheels were manufactured in almost every neighborhood for the use of the families, which were purchased from the makers by an exchange of various productions from the farms around. As lately as eleven or twelve years ago, I found, on visiting Bond County, an old wheel-wright still devoted to his former work, making spinning-wheels, both large and small, not to sell as curiosities, but to supply an actual demand from families that yet preferred to manufacture their own clothes as in former times. Not only were the materials and the cloth prepared, but the dyeing was done in the family, the bark of trees, especially of the butter-nut and indigo raised on the farm, being used for this purpose. And then the mother made up the clothing for the household. In many cases, deer-skins were dressed by the men, and

made into hunting-shirts, pantaloons, and moccasins by the women, all in the same family. The hunting-shirts were frequently ornamented with a fringe on the lower edge of the cape and at the bottom of the garment, which presented a not unpleasing appearance. Shoes were often confined, except in cold weather, to the adult females; the men and children going barefoot in spring, summer, and fall, unless they had occasion to appear in a public assembly. I have many a time seen even young women carry their shoes in their hands until they came near to church, and put them on before coming to the door and entering. The men's hats for the summer were commonly made of wheat straw, rudely platted and sewed together by the women. Winter hats, usually of wool, were, of necessity, purchased from a manufacturer, who could almost always be found in some village not far distant. The clothes of the women, like those of the men, were almost entirely of home manufacture except in the older villages. Their bonnets were occasionally purchased from the stores, but more commonly they were of the simple Virginia style, made of domestic materials, and kept in place either by pasteboard or wooden ribs.

"The food of the people was of the simplest kind, though usually abundant. For a long time, wheat-bread was a rarity in the rural districts, corn-bread or mush being the staple, meal being often prepared, in the early fall, by grating the green corn on rude graters made of tin, perforated by driving a nail through it in numerous places, and fastened to a smooth board. The meats were venison, squirrels, rabbits, wild turkeys, prairie chickens, quails, domestic fowls, beef, pork and bacon, which were cooked in a skillet or frying pan in cool weather, at the same fire around which the waiting family were sitting. Coffee and imported tea were for years hard to be obtained, and, instead of them, teas were often made from garden herbs, spice-wood, sassafras-roots, or other shrubs, taken from the thickets. Milk and butter were, of course, at hand, and were freely used; and vegetables and fruits, such as potatoes, turnips, and apples were seldom wanting. In many families, table-cloths were spread on the tables only on special occasions. But, in spite of their plain living the people were generally happy and contented, except in those cases, not very infrequent, where families newly come into the country were, for a time, scarcely able to command the necessities of life; and, in such cases, there were almost always kind neighbors, who cheerfully and delicately sent the articles of food that were most needed."

"We are now prepared to notice, in the next place, the characteristic hospitality of our people in the early years of the State. The families from the Southern States gave character to the social habits of the people, and Southern communities have always been noted for their hospitality. Anything savoring of narrowness or meanness in this direction was frowned upon among our early citizens. It was not uncommon for entire strangers to find entertainment in families for a night, or even for whole weeks, without charge. Hence traveling through the new settlements was usually attended with but little expense, for charges when made were hardly more than merely nominal. If, however, a wayfaring man was suspected of being a speculator, he was not so kindly treated, though never misused, unless guilty of reprehensible conduct."

AUTHOR'S COMMENT:—Remember that Patterson refers mainly to the period from 1815 to 1845.

Great changes have taken place in the Illinois Ozark country in the sixty-five years since Mr. Patterson wrote the above account. The migrations of Germans, Irish, and English in the early '80's following Mr. Patterson's address have had their influence. The development of the coal industry beginning nearly fifty years ago brought another wave of new comers, including Italians, more Englishmen, a quota of typical American stock from Kentucky and Tennessee, and a few of the Yankee type from the north. The Civil War period brought a negro population so that some cities have as much as ten per cent colored. Among the descendants of the pre-Civil War families as many as ten per cent claim a trace of Indian blood—Creek, Shawnee, Osage, etc.

Evidence of the undying influence of the earlier settlers is seen in the substantial old brick German-built homes in or near the Ohio and Mississippi river towns, the use of the single horse diamond plow in laying by unchecked rows of corn, the use of chain harness and the instinctive desire to hunt and fish. Fox hunting, not to catch foxes but to enjoy the sport of listening to the hounds, is yet common. It is an offense in some neighborhoods to kill a fox. Language, characteristic of the East Tennessee mountaineers, occasionally crops up in remote rural areas, such as "hit" for "it," I "taken" for I "took," the coons (raccoons) "use" along this creek, etc. A boy said to his high school teacher: "I have my lesson, almost, but not plumb."

I myself, have seen ox-teams haul logs into Harrisburg. I knew a hunter who killed wild turkeys in the Cache River bottoms only forty years ago. Also, I have seen spinning wheels in use, and carpet weaving machines. The last of the old ash hoppers fell asunder only a few years ago. Men still live who hunted deer and turkeys in Saline County. A few two-room cabins, with a covered but open space between, still stand. I taught a high school girl in Massac County who was the last of a family of sixteen children reared in a one-room cabin—and I saw the cabin. There may yet be a few homemade wooden cradles. Some counties have the commission form of government by three commissioners instead of township supervisors.

Let not the reader from away imagine that he will see much of these traces of the pioneers. He must come soon if he is to see any of them. Our small and large cities have high schools as good as the average in Illinois—but, they pay a higher tax rate to maintain them. The wander lust that brought the early pioneers to come when the Ozark Region was a wilderness, causes them to travel far and wide. Our people have culture and refinement. Artistic homes and surroundings are found among the hills where the early cabins were raised and,—with electricity and running water. One area in northern Pope county has sent out more people who became distinguished than have many incorporated cities. If we have more vestiges of the past it is because our people were here earlier than our nephews and nieces who came into the North later—like New England

with Revolutionary bullet holes in so many houses together with Boston whose foreign population is so great that Paul Revere would think he were Rip Van Winkle if he should awaken.

Come before it is too late. We have good roads to lead you almost anywhere you wish to go. There is bus service in all directions, and we have the Southern Hospitality.

FINAL

The attempt has been made to condense, within the limits of this small volume, a practical guide to some of the attractions of the Illinois Ozark Country. The book has been made small enough, by close spacing of topics, to go into a man's coat pocket or a lady's hand bag. The binding is intended to stand the wear and tear of travel. The map should enable the reader to know where to go and how. The index should aid in finding quickly, any subject mentioned in the text.

There is much unmentioned that the reader may discover for himself, of places and happenings which the author has not known or has omitted on account of limitations of space. He hopes to explore much more, possibly with some of his readers as companions.

Among the things not mentioned before are: the Wabash Valley from the Shawnee Lakes to New Haven; the Saline Mines which were near enough to the Saline and Ohio Rivers to make shipment of coal by boat in the early days; the cave region between the mouth of the Saline River and Cave in Rock; War Bluff and the upper reaches of Bay, Lusk, and Grand Pierre Creeks in Pope County; Old and New Brownfield and Homberg near the Bay Creek lower valley; Temple Hill, Bay City, Hamletsburg, New Liberty, and Round Knob, north and east of Metropolis; Ullin, Pulaski, and McClure on the west side north of Cairo; the scenic drive from Gorham to Chester; and all the valleys and hills which are of so much interest in the triangle whose points are at Murphysboro, Chester, and Du Quoin.

For further and continued interest, consult George W. Brown's History of Southern Illinois, which had wide distribution; Moyer's History of Pulaski County, still available, and the various county histories of individual counties of some decades back. For current information, The Egyptian Key, published at Carbondale, a periodical now sold on all news stands in the area, is an excellent source. John W. Allen's Notes on Randolph and Jackson Counties are new and illustrated with pictorial maps. The historical museum at the Carbondale Normal has an outstanding display of Ozark lore consisting of diaramas of early times, together with a constantly growing assemblage of whatever the early settlers had to use in the home, on the farm, and in the shop. Mr. Allen, the Curator, is an inexhaustible source of information about the Ozarks. Mr. L. O. Trigg, of Eldorado, is as well informed as anyone about places and ways to get there. Mr. Wayman Presley, of Makanda, is, also, very familiar with the geography of the Ozarks.

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